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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Mémoires du Cardinal Pacca sur la captivité du Pape Pie VII. et le concordat de 1813, pour servir à l'histoire du règne de Napoléon. [Memoirs by Cardinal Pacca, relating to the captivity of Pope Pius VII. &c.] Traduits de l'Italien, sur la troisième édition, par L. Bellaguet. Paris: Ladvocat; London, Dulau & Co.*

THE captivity of Pius VII. forms an interesting episode in the reign of Napoleon. That the temporal power of the Pope had dwindled to a shadow, was known to all reflecting men—yet, such is habit, that it struck Europe with amazement when that power, which for so many ages had kept the Christian world in awe—whose spiritual thunders had heretofore struck down “thrones, dominations, principedoms, powers,” fell without resistance at the mere nod of a Soldier of Fortune; and the successor of the Innocents, and of Sixtus V., was led away, like a revolted tributary, to durance in a foreign land. It would be easy to philosophize upon such an event, which, two centuries earlier, would have filled the world with bloodshed; and to trace the progress of that knowledge which had at length burst the trammels of papal superstition;—but such is not our purpose: we have merely to give an account of the manner in which, according to Cardinal Pacca, the Emperor seized upon the city of the Cæsars, deprived the Pope of his temporal possessions, and reduced his spiritual power to a mere shadow.

This work has reached us through the medium of a translation into French by M. Bellaguet, who, in the republic of letters, has a reputation for talent and honesty which raises him above the common herd of littérateurs; and, from the extreme simplicity of the style, the single-heartedness and the *bonhomme* which pervade the whole work, we conceive that it must be a faithful transcript of the original. The Cardinal himself informs the reader that these Memoirs were composed *currente calamo*; being at first intended only as historical notes, and not written with a view to publication.

Cardinal Pacca entered the ministry of the sovereign pontiff at a very critical period, having been appointed Secretary of State on the expulsion of Cardinal Gabrielli from Rome. For several months previous, as he informs us, it was publicly known at Rome that the French Emperor intended to deprive the Pope of all sovereign and temporal power. Nevertheless, the princes and prelates assembled round the papal throne flattered themselves that means might still be found to avert the storm. This illusion was soon dispelled by the entrance of the French troops into Rome on the 2nd of February 1808, by the imprisonment of the nobles composing the Pope's body guard, by the expulsion of the Neapolitan Cardinals from the kingdom of Italy, and more especially

by the seizure of the Duchy of Urbino, and the Marca d'Ancona, and their annexation to the kingdom of Italy. All this was succeeded by another act of violence, which led to the appointment of Cardinal Pacca to the ministry, and which we shall relate from his own words:—

On the 16th of June, two or three French officers, if I am not mistaken, entered, without being announced, the apartment of His Eminence Cardinal Gabrielli, Secretary of State, and not only signified to him that he was under arrest and must immediately leave Rome, but committed the unheard-of crime of searching his desk, which might have contained papers concerning state secrets, and the most delicate affairs of the universal church. In the evening of the same day the Holy Father made known to me, in the most obliging terms, that he had appointed me to succeed His Eminence Cardinal Gabrielli. I received the note on Saturday, the 8th of June, a little after noon, and on the same evening I proceeded to the Quirinal Palace, to sign the despatches and letters which were to be forwarded the same night.

The papal government was unable to oppose the slightest resistance to the projects of the invader. All its regular troops, as the author informs us, and even the archers paid from the Pope's privy purse, entered the French service, so that the Cardinal Minister had no armed force to carry his orders into execution, with the exception only of a very small number of Swiss, who guarded the gates of the palace. Besides the want of men, there was a total want of money—a power more efficient than armies, observes the Cardinal. The constant passage, for several years, of French troops through the kingdom, accompanied by heavy requisitions and contributions, had completely drained the pontifical treasury. Thus, nothing could be effected by force—nothing by the application of money; and that spiritual throne which once dictated to all the monarchs in Europe, was now trampled in the dust.

Nor were these the only difficulties against which the papal government had to contend: disaffection had broken out among the inhabitants of the Roman states long before the entrance of the French troops; several successive ministers had been held in execration by the people, who, although they detested the French, and trembled, as the Cardinal states, at the idea of a change in the form of government, gave such manifestations of their hostile feeling as to refuse to the Pope, as he one day passed through the streets of Rome, the testimonies of homage and veneration with which the reigning pontiff was always greeted on such occasions.

Cardinal Pacca, on assuming the helm of state, endeavoured, as he tells us, to weather the storm by pacific and conciliatory measures; but the demands of the French and their partizans were so unreasonable, so utterly impossible to be met, that he advised the Pope to adopt a firmer line of conduct. An edict was accordingly issued, prohibiting

any subject of the Roman states from enlisting in the French armies, and a strong letter was at the same time written to the several governors of the states, some of whom, for fear of committing themselves, forwarded a copy of it to the French General. This led to the Cardinal's arrest, of which he relates the following particulars:—

One morning, September the 6th, whilst I was transacting business with a prelate at the tribunal of the Council, I heard somebody announced, and immediately after Major Muzzio, a Piedmontese officer, attached to the staff of General Miollis, attended by a captain in the French army, resident at Rome, entered the room. From the agitated expression of their countenances, I suspected that they had come to execute an unpleasant mission. I rose and inquired their business. Major Muzzio informed me, that they came from General Miollis to express the resentment which the General felt at my conduct towards him; and the Major then showed me a copy of my letter to the governors, and of the Pope's edict. He added, that General Miollis ordered me to quit Rome the very next day, and that, at the gate of St. Giovanni, I should find a detachment of dragoons, who had orders to conduct me to Benevento, my country. I coolly replied, that I could not receive orders from any one but the Pope, and that if His Holiness directed me not to quit Rome, I should certainly obey him. I concluded, by stating, that I would immediately proceed to the apartments of the Holy Father, and take his orders; but Muzzio replied, that he had directions from General Miollis not to allow me to quit the room I was in, and he therefore could not suffer me to go to the Pope's apartments; for, if he did so, evil consequences would ensue. He added, that if I would instantly quit the Quirinal Palace, and proceed to my own residence in the Piazza Campitelli, I should be allowed to stay at Rome two days longer. I replied, that I would not quit my post without an express order from the Pope, and that if I could not go to His Holiness, I would write and beg him to make known to me his sovereign intentions. Muzzio consented, and withdrew, leaving the Captain with me, in whose presence I wrote to the Pope, and stated all that had happened to me. Having despatched my letter by one of the clerks of the Secretary of State's office, I conversed with the Captain upon indifferent topics. A few minutes after, the door was opened with violence, and the arrival of the holy father announced. I immediately ran to meet him, and saw, on this occasion, a thing I had often heard of, but never before witnessed: that, in violent fits of anger, the hair stands on end, and the sight becomes confused. I found the excellent pontiff in this state. He did not recognize me, although I was dressed in a cardinal's purple robes, and he called out in a loud voice:

“Who is there?”

“The Cardinal,” I replied, kissing his hand.

“Where is the officer?” said he.

The Captain was standing near me in a respectful attitude, and I pointed him out to the Pope; who, turning towards him, ordered him to tell the French General, that he was weary of submitting to insult and outrage from persons still calling themselves Catholics; that he could well perceive the drift of these acts of violence; that the French wanted successively to take his

ministers from him for the purpose of embarrassing his apostolic ministry, and depriving him of the rights of temporal sovereignty; that he commanded me, a Cardinal, not to obey the French General's orders, but to follow him into his private apartments, there to share his captivity. The pontiff concluded, by saying, that if the meditated project were executed, and I separated from him, it should only be effected by breaking open the doors, and penetrating with an armed force into his apartments; and that, if this were done, he would hold the General responsible for all the consequences. The Captain, turning respectfully to me, begged that I would explain to him, in French, what the holy father wished he should say to the General. I did so; and, as Monsignor Arezzo, who was present, has since acknowledged, my translation was faithful and exact. The French officer then begged I would assure His Holiness that he would punctually convey the message to his General. The Pope then took me by the hand, and said:

"Come, Signor Cardinal!" then crossing the grand staircase, surrounded by a host of servants, we entered his apartments. His Holiness immediately passed through the different rooms, and fixed on three near those occupied by himself for my residence. There, during six months, I had the honour and the consolation to remain, until the fatal night of the 6th of July, when we were both forcibly dragged from Rome, to be conducted to France.

The worthy Cardinal complains of a host of grievances committed by the French, enumerating among others the suppression of the religious orders in the countries dependent upon France, and the abolition of the Inquisition—"a tribunal," he observes, "so useful to the church, and so unworthily calumniated;" but he seems more than usually indignant at the establishment of Freemasons' lodges at Rome. He is very bitter against these fraternities; who, he tells us, "celebrated their orgies in the Conti palace, under the very eyes of the holy pontiff."

The Pope, at length, determined to have recourse to the thunders of the church. Of course he acted on the Cardinal's advice; but, whether he did wisely in thus braving his oppressors by the use of a spiritual weapon which only excited their ridicule, though it afforded them a pretext for further acts of violence, we leave to be decided by any but a member of the sacred college.

A bull, or brief of excommunication, had been prepared for the Pope's signature ever since the year 1806, and shortly after Cardinal Gonsalvi, then Secretary of State, had informed the Roman people of the intended attack on the Holy See by the French Emperor. As it was presumed that the French, on their arrival at Rome, would naturally disperse the sacred college, and prevent its members from communicating with the pontiff, everything was held in readiness for the signature, to be affixed at a moment's notice. But these precautions proved needless, and a new bull was prepared by Cardinal de Pietro in September 1808, though not signed and promulgated until the 10th of June, 1809. In thus affecting to wield in his nerveless grasp the thunderbolts of the Vatican, poor Pius VII. was obliged to direct that the greatest precautions should be taken lest the persons who stuck up the copies of the edict about the city should be seized and shot. The worthy Cardinal tells us, that the French troops and their leaders were struck with dread and consternation at being thus cut off from the pale of the church; but this we are

much inclined to doubt, not only from our own knowledge, but from the Cardinal's own showing, as the publication of the edict led to the attack upon the Quirinal Palace, the capture of the pontiff and his minister, and their journey to France as prisoners. We transcribe the author's account of this event:

In the evening of the 6th of July (1809), several pickets of cavalry occupied the streets leading from different parts of Rome to the Quirinal. Troops were likewise placed on several points to prevent communication with the interior, and about seven o'clock, a body of infantry advanced by a forced march, but in great silence, from the neighbouring quarters of the city, and invested the palace on all sides. A little after daybreak, the archers, the gendarmes, and some rebel subjects, distinguished for their aversion to the pontifical government, began to escalate the palace. After having passed a day full of agony and fatigue, and watched all night till about half-past six in the morning,—seeing the dawn appear, and hearing no noise either in the piazza or in the neighbouring streets—I had retired to my bed-room to get a little rest. But I had scarcely entered my bed, when my valet-de-chambre came to inform me that the French were already within the palace. I rose immediately and went to the window, whence I saw many armed men with torches in their hands, running across the garden, and looking for the doors, in order to effect an entrance into the rooms. I perceived others by turns descending a wall, against which ladders were placed. At the same time, another body ascended by means of ladders, to the windows of some of the Pope's servants, which they broke open with hatchets, entered the rooms, and ran to open the great door leading to the piazza, in order to admit a great number of soldiers. I immediately ordered my nephew, Giovanni Tiberius Pacca, to go and awake the Holy Father, as we had agreed should be done, if anything extraordinary happened in the night; and soon after I went to him myself in my dressing gown. The Pope rose without agitation, and having put on an amess and a stole, entered the room in which he was accustomed to give audience. Cardinal Desping and I assembled some prelates who resided in the palace, and some officers and employes of the Secretary of State's office. Meantime, the assailants broke open the doors, and at length reached the apartment in which we were with the Holy Father, who to prevent unnecessary confusion, and perhaps some dreadful accident, had ordered the door to be thrown open. The Pope had previously left his seat and placed himself at the bureau, which stood near the middle of the room. Cardinal Desping and I stood one on each side of him, the prelates and the employes surrounded us. When the door was opened, General Radet entered. This officer commanded the party. He was followed by some officers of French Gendarmes, and two or three Roman rebels, who had guided and directed the operations of the French in their assault upon the palace. Radet, surrounded by his followers, placed himself opposite to the Pope. There was a profound silence, which lasted some minutes; we looked at each other with astonishment, without uttering a word, and without stirring from the position in which we were. At length, General Radet, pale and scarcely able to articulate, told the Pope that he had a painful duty to perform; but having taken an oath of fidelity and obedience to the Emperor, he could not refuse to execute it; that he had now to inform the Pope, that His Holiness must renounce the temporal sovereignty of Rome, and in the event of a refusal, he had orders to conduct the Pontiff to General Miollis, who would acquaint him with the place of his desti-

nation. The Pontiff, without appearing disconcerted, replied in a firm and dignified tone of voice, in the following terms:—

"If you conceive yourself bound to execute those orders of the Emperor, because you have sworn fidelity and obedience to him, you will understand why we feel it our duty to maintain the rights of the Holy See, to which we are bound by so many oaths. We cannot renounce that which does not belong to us: the temporal domain belongs to the Roman church, and we are only its administrator. The Emperor may tear us to pieces, but he shall never obtain from us what he asks. Besides, after what we have done for him, we little expected such treatment at his hands."

"Holy Father," said General Radet, "I know the Emperor is under many obligations to your Holiness."

"More than you suppose," observed the Pope in a significant tone. "Ought we to go alone?" he added.

"Your Holiness," the General replied, "may take your minister, Cardinal Pacca, with you."

I was then close to the Pope, and said to him immediately:

"What are your orders to me, Holy Father? Shall I have the honour to accompany you?"

The Pope assented, and I requested permission to go to the next room. I went thither, accompanied by two officers of gendarmes, who seemed to examine the apartment. I dressed myself in my Cardinal's robes; that is to say, I put on my rochet and my amess, under an impression that I was to accompany the Pope to the Doria Palace, in which General Miollis resided. During my absence, the Pontiff himself wrote a list of the persons he wished to accompany him, and had some conversation with General Radet. Whilst the Holy Father was arranging something in the room, Radet amongst other things, said to him: "Your Holiness may be sure that nothing will be touched."

"A man who cares not for life," replied the Pope, "cares little about the things of this world."

Radet wished the Pope to change his dress, so as not to be known, but he had not the courage to tell him so. When I returned to the room, they had already obliged him to leave it, without giving his servants time to put a little linen into a portmanteau for his use. I joined him in an outer apartment, and, surrounded by gendarmes, archers, and revolted subjects of the Holy See, and walking with difficulty over the remains of broken doors and ladders lying upon the ground, we crossed the great court-yard, where a body of French troops and the remainder of the archers were drawn up. We reached the principal gate of the Monte Cavallo, where General Radet's carriage was waiting for us. On the piazza, we saw a numerous body of Neapolitan troops, who had arrived a few hours previous, to aid in this great undertaking. They made the Pope enter the carriage first, and I followed. The blind on the Pope's side was nailed up, and both doors of the carriage were locked, when General Radet and a certain Tuscan named Cardini, a quarter-master, placed themselves upon the seat in front, and gave the order for departure. Several prelates, and servants, and some employes of the Secretary of State's office, had been allowed to follow us as far as the gate of the Monte Cavallo, and even to approach the carriage. \* \* \*

As we turned the ramparts, we met brigades of cavalry, and pickets of soldiers with drawn swords. General Radet gave his orders to these brigades with an air of triumph, as if he had just gained a great victory. Outside the city, we found post horses ready, and while they were being harnessed to the carriage, the Pope mildly reproached General Radet with the deception he had used, in stating that we were going to

General Miollis. The Holy Father likewise complained of the violence used to make him leave Rome, without his servants, deprived of necessities, and possessing nothing but the clothes upon his back. Radet replied that we should soon be joined by some of the persons whom His Holiness had asked for at Monte Cavallo, and who would bring him everything he wanted. The French General also despatched an express to General Miollis, to hasten their departure. He soon after observed to me, that he was very glad he had succeeded in his mission, without having been forced to use violence.

"Why," said I, "were we in a fortress and able to resist?"

"I know," he replied, "that your Eminence had given orders that no resistance should be offered, and had even prohibited certain persons from passing Monte Cavallo with muskets in their hands."

A short time after, the Pope asked me whether I had brought any money with me.

"Your Holiness saw," I replied, "that I was arrested in your apartment, and that I was not allowed to return to my room."

We then pulled out our purses, and in spite of the grief and affliction into which we were so justly plunged, on finding ourselves separated from Rome and its good people, we could not help laughing at finding only a papetto in the Pope's purse and a grosso in mine. Thus the Sovereign of Rome and his Prime Minister were setting out upon a truly apostolical journey, provided according to the words of the Lord to the Apostles: "Nihil tuleritis in viâ, neque panem;" and in truth we had no provisions:—"Neque duas tunicas;" we had no other clothes than those we had on, and which were very inconvenient—the Pope wearing an amess and a stole, and I a hood, a rochet, and an amess, without even a change of linen:—"Neque pecuniam;" we had only thirty-five baiocchi between us. The Pope jestingly showed his papetto to General Radet, and said: "This is all that now remains of my sovereignty."

At the commencement of the journey, I was a prey to a thought, which I afterwards found did injustice to the good Pius VII., but which then agitated me greatly. I was fearful that the Pope, alarmed at the execrable and sacrilegious crime committed upon his person, and foreseeing its fatal effects upon the church, would repent of the energetic measures he had taken, and perhaps blame me internally for having encouraged him to adopt them; but my uneasiness on this head was soon dispelled, for the Pope said to me with a smile, and with every appearance of real satisfaction:

"Cardinal, we did right to publish the bull of excommunication on the 10th of June, for we could not do it now?"

These words conveyed great satisfaction to me, and inspired me with new strength to struggle against the agony, and mental and bodily pain which I expected to suffer during this unhappy journey.

We shall return to these volumes.

*Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia, during the Years 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831. By Charles Sturt.*

[Second Notice.]

In our last notice we principally confined ourselves to the narrative parts of Captain Sturt's volumes: the difficulties he had to contend with, the means by which he overcame them, the extent to which he succeeded in penetrating hitherto unknown regions, and the general features of the country through which he passed. We must now say something as to the results of the expedition, in a scientific and practical point of view; and

examine how far they improve our acquaintance with the geography and natural history of our Australian colonies, or hold out hopes of favourable locations to future emigrants.

The eastern shore of Australia presents, as its general character, a range of hills, running at a greater or less distance from the sea; approaching it, opposite Sydney, within about forty miles, but retiring further as we ascend to the northward. This range goes by the name of the Blue Mountains, and rises to the altitude of between 3000 and 4000 feet. Further south, rather in the rear of this range, and at a greater distance from the coast, is a second, called the Australian Alps, stretching, as it were, across the south-east corner of the island (or continent, as it may be called); of which we have very little information, save that their peaks are covered with snow all the year round. This, in a medium latitude of 36°, would justify us in assigning them an elevation of 10,000 or 12,000 feet, if the application of general rules were at all admissible to a country where *jackasses*† are taught to whistle, and *quadrupeds* hop on their tail and hind legs. The Blue Mountains, however, are the most important feature, as from them arise the greater number of the rivers, on which the fertility and inhabitable nature of a country must always be closely dependent. Of these rivers, such as rise on the eastern side have a short and easy course to the sea; they do not, however, gain it by the most direct route, but those to the south of Sydney have an inclination northwards, while those to the north have an inclination southwards; thus showing the general dip of country, both north and south, to be tending towards the capital. This disposition may be said to prevail from Shoal Haven to Port Macquarie, a line of coast including the most thickly inhabited and fertile parts of the colony. Those rivers, on the contrary, which arise on the west of this range, pursue their course into the long, flat deserts of the interior, where they were supposed, by Surveyor-General Oxley, to terminate in a great inland sea. The ascertaining of this point was one of the first objects of Captain Sturt's expedition.

In noticing the geographical facts which we have attempted to describe, Captain Sturt remarks:—

"It is singular, that there is no pass or break in these mountains, by which any of the rivers of the interior can escape in an easterly direction. Their spine is unbroken. The consequence is, that there is a complete division of the eastern and western waters, and that streams, the heads of which are close to each other, flow away in opposite directions; the one to pursue a short course to the sea; the other to fall into a level and depressed interior, the character of which will be noticed in its proper place."

To us this appears anything but singular: indeed, it was, perhaps, one of the first observations in physical geography, that rivers arising on the opposite slopes of the highest lands, ran in different directions. A glance at the Andes, which from one side send down the Amazon through such an extensive course, while from the other countless small streams seek the nearest sea—or at the Rocky Mountains of North America, supplying the Mis-

souri to the Atlantic, and the Colombia to the Pacific—or, finally, at the high central Table of Asia, whence rivers flow to all the seas by which it is surrounded—will at once show the generality of this observation. On the contrary, that a river should cut through a mountain range is so unusual, that the supposed impossibility of it had, probably, been the cause of so long concealing the course of the Niger, until Mr. Lander successfully traced it, through a singular defile, to its final termination in the Bight of Benin.

The Macquarie was one of those Australian rivers flowing into the interior, on which Captain Sturt made his first expedition in search of this unknown sea. The general character of these rivers varies but little. They leave their mountain source with vigour and impetuosity: swollen by the rains, which, except in seasons of drought, are generally abundant, they rush forward with rapid torrent, and roll along, constantly overflowing their banks. Soon, however, the descent of their bed becomes less precipitous: unlike the European rivers, they are fed by few or no tributary streams; their course becomes more difficult, more impeded. The trees, which they themselves had swept along in their strength, now collect in their beds, and retard the advance of their waters. The current fails: they have reached the dead flats of the interior. Rushes spring up, and divide their bed; sandbanks rise, and show their thirsty backs; or, perhaps, a stiff clay soil comes to offer its resistance. The power to cut through it is lost, and the river terminates in a swamp, and a plain covered with reeds.

This termination is much influenced by the nature of the season. Mr. Oxley, whose journey was made after excessive falls of rain, lost the river in a deep marsh of great extent: Captain Sturt, who set out after a long continued drought, describes the river as ceasing to flow where "the soil was a stiff clay; the reeds, closely embodied, rising to a height of ten or twelve feet; and the waters, in some places, ankle deep, but, in general, scarce sufficient to cover the surface." The variations of seasons, so remarkable as to cause these differences, seem to recur with almost periodical regularity in the colony:

"Those seasons, during which no rain falls, appear, from the observations of former writers to occur every ten or twelve years; and it is somewhat singular that no cause has been assigned for such periodical visitations. Whether the state of the interior has anything to do with them, and whether the wet or dry condition of the marshes at all regulate the seasons, is a question upon which I will not venture to give any decisive opinion. But most assuredly, when the interior is dry the seasons are dry, and *vice versa*. Indeed, not only is this the case, but rains, from excessive duration in the first year after a drought, decrease gradually year after year, until they wholly cease for a time. It seems not improbable, therefore, that the state of the interior does, in some measure, regulate the fall of rain upon the eastern ranges, which appears to decrease in quantity yearly as the marshes become exhausted, and cease altogether, when they no longer contain any water. A drought will naturally follow until such time as the air becomes surcharged with clouds or vapour from the ocean, which being no longer able to sustain their own weight, descend upon the mountains, and being conveyed by hundreds of streams into the western lowlands, again fill

† A species of bird, to which the colonists have given this name from its singular voice. (*Dacelo gigantea*, Leach.)



the marshes, and cause the recurrence of regular seasons."

It is certainly too much to require that an officer, sent on an expedition of discovery, should be meteorologist, botanist, and zoologist, in addition to undertaking the objects with which he is more immediately charged; but we cannot avoid noticing the singular assumption and contradiction involved in the above sentence: assumption, inasmuch as it is necessary to the theory that the colony should, for ten successive years, derive its supply of rain from the marshes of the interior; but, on the eleventh or twelfth, be supplied, by "the clouds and vapours from the ocean," with a stock, not only sufficient to water the colony, but to fill the marshes for another decennial period;—contradiction, for we are assured, in one sentence, that "when the interior is dry the seasons are dry," while the very next informs us, that rains of the greatest duration fall "the first year after a drought." In this latter case, it is evident, the author has simply inverted the consequence: had he told us, that when the season was dry the interior became dry, he would have placed matters in a more natural order.

A necessary result of these violent rains is, that the rivers are subject to be raised by floods to a great height. Mr. Oxley mentions, as nothing uncommon, the floods rising to a height of forty or fifty feet, in a rapid mountain stream named the Boyne, which he found south of Gatcombe Head. As a provision against such swells the rivers of the interior are all furnished with double banks—the outer to answer on those occasions, the inner to contain their ordinary stream. The space between the two banks is an alluvial flat, generally of the richest kind; and is distinguished by botanical productions not to be found in any other situation. Thus,

"The blue-gum trees, again, were never observed to extend beyond the secondary embankments of the rivers, occupying that ground alone which was subject to flood and covered with reeds. The trees waved over the marshes of the Macquarie, but were not observed to the westward of them for many miles; yet they reappeared upon the banks of New-Year's Creek as suddenly as they had disappeared after we left the marshes, and grew along the line of the Darling to an unusual size. But it is remarkable, that, even in the midst of the marshes, the blue-gum trees were strictly confined to the immediate flooded spaces on which the reeds prevailed, or to the very beds of the water-courses. Where the ground was elevated, or out of the reach of flood, the box (unnamed) alone occupied it; and, though the branches of these trees might be interwoven together, the one never left its wet and reedy bed, the other never descended from its more elevated position."

Captain Sturt was able, subsequently, to generalize this fact into the observation, that an apparent connexion always subsisted between the geological formation of a country and its vegetable productions: "so strong, indeed, was this connexion, that I had little difficulty, after a short experience, in judging of the rock that formed the basis of the country over which I was travelling, from the kind of tree or herbage that flourished in the soil above it." The observation, indeed, is not original, even as referring to Australia; but it is always gratifying to find the results noticed by men of experience, bearing out

the anticipations formed by men of science. The ultimate application of this fact to purposes of practical utility, is a point to which our author has not alluded. We shall, therefore, supply the omission, by giving one or two instances of such application, from an interesting paper on geology, read by Mr. A. Berry before the Philosophical Society of Australia.

"The plants produced on our clay soil contain, generally, little or no alkaline salt; perhaps, because it does not exist in the soil. Tobacco abounds in alkaline salt: it is not, therefore, proper for such soils; and although the plant will vegetate in them, its quality must be inferior. The clay soil is equally unfitted for the vine, because the roots will penetrate to the aluminous schistus, which will either poison the plant or communicate an inferior flavour to the grape. Again, the vine will grow luxuriantly in the mere alluvial soil, and the fruit will be large, but the juices watery. The truth of these remarks is beautifully exemplified by this country in a state of nature, where, in the midst of iron-bound gum-tree forests, we meet with circumscribed spaces, in which plants of a different description are growing with tropical luxuriance."

The vegetable productions of Australia have, perhaps, had the greatest share of consideration. Sir Joseph Banks, in Captain Cooke's voyage,—Mr. White, who accompanied Governor Phillips,—Mr. Allan Cunningham, who, in addition to several excursions made by himself, was officially attached, as botanist, to the expedition of Surveyor-General Oxley,—but, above all, Mr. Robert Brown, naturalist to the unfortunate expedition under Captain Flinders—have furnished us with most important and valuable information on this head. The present work adds nothing to our previous knowledge here: this Captain Sturt candidly confesses:—"Our botanical specimens were as scanty as our zoological: indeed, the expedition may, as regards these two particulars, almost be said to have been unproductive." (Vol. ii. p. 183.) Of course, we mean not to impute this as blame. The task of conducting an exploring party through hitherto untried regions; of supporting the men's spirits, and animating them to fresh exertions "in a barren and dry land," where their lips cracked and their tongues clove to their mouths beneath a scorching sun; the cares of dragging the necessary provisions through a sandy soil, where the oxen sunk to their knees at every step, or of navigating an unknown river, where shoals lay at every turn, trees in every reach, with their branches ready to tear from stem to stern the frail bark which bore them; while the banks were lined with treacherous natives, thirsting for blood and eager to gratify their cannibal appetites on the little party that for the first time penetrated their gloomy wilds;—all these, with the necessary attention to the regions through which they passed, to observing the depths of rivers, the heights and bearings of distant hills, and the general features of the country, were surely sufficient for any one man: and we feel no hesitation in saying, that these various and important duties were well and ably executed by Capt. Sturt.

The plants of Australia, as far as examined, are rather novel than useful. Four-fifths of them, according to Cunningham, are *eucalypti*, and other genera of *myrtaceæ*.

One of them, the blue-gum tree received its botanical appellation, *eucalyptus piperita*, from White, in consequence of yielding an oil that in its nature and medical powers much resembled our oil of peppermint. Another, the red-gum tree, is so uncommonly productive of resin, as much as sixty gallons flowing from a single tree, that it has got the name of *eucalyptus resinifera*. The native fruit trees are in general bad, and scarce produce anything worth eating,—but, *en revanche*, all those that have been transplanted there have thriven beyond all calculation: the orange yields its golden fruits, the vine its ruby clusters, and peaches are so plenty that Wentworth tells us he has seen hogs (perhaps *de grege Epicuri*) fed on them.

Geology seems to have benefited more by our author's expeditions, but we could scarcely hope to make his observations on this subject interesting without referring them to some system. He seems to have found primary formations rather rare, as might have been anticipated in so flat and unvaried a country. Granite ranges, however, did occasionally occur, as beyond Yass plains, where they succeeded old red sandstone, and stretched "as far as the banks of the Morumbidgee River, over an open forest country broken into hill and dale." Such formations were generally marked by the best verdure. Alluvial depositions prevail, but more especially towards the interior part of the country, which, though at present not containing anything like a sea or lake, bears marks of having been at no very remote period, the bed of a great inland collection of waters. Captain Sturt says,

"My impression, when travelling the country to the west and N.W. of the marshes of the Macquarie, was, that I was traversing a country of comparatively recent formation. The sandy nature of its soil, the great want of vegetable decay, the salsaceous character of its plants, the appearance of its isolated hills and flooded tracts, and its trifling elevations above the sea, severally contributed to strengthen these impressions on my mind."

The alluvial formation to the N.W. of Sydney is so general and complete, that during the whole of the first expedition, (that up the Macquarie,) "not a single stone or pebble was picked up on any of the plains, and the only rock-formation discovered, was a small freestone tract near the Darling River. There was not a pebble of any kind either in the bed of the Castlereagh, or in the creeks falling into it." A similar fact is noticed with respect to the Ganges, along which, Malte-Brun says, "not a pebble exists for 400 miles from its mouth."

Caverns are found to exist here, as with us, in the limestone strata. From their great importance to geological science, they have attracted much attention; and many gentlemen have been to examine their contents. We are not, we regret to say, in possession of any scientific account of such investigations; we can, therefore, only present our readers with the few observations Captain Sturt ventures:—

"The caves into which I penetrated, did not present anything particular to my observation; they differed little from caves of a similar description into which I had penetrated in Europe. Large masses of stalactites hung from their roofs, and a corresponding formation encrusted their floors. They comprised various chambers or compartments, the most remote of which termi-



nated at a deep chasm that was full of water. A close examination of these caves has led to the discovery of some organic remains, bones of various animals imbedded in a light red soil; but I am not aware that the remains of any extinct species have been found, or that any fossils have been met with in the limestone itself. There can, however, be little doubt but that the same causes operated in depositing these mouldering remains in the caves of Kirkdale and those of Wellington Valley."

In this, and one other sentence in which Captain Sturt refers to these caves, he is evidently under the mistake of supposing that Dr. Buckland accounted for the collection of bones in the Kirkdale caverns, by referring them to the action of water. Our readers are aware that not only these, but similar cavities in Germany, have been evinced to have served as dens to successive generations of hyænas, by whom the bones were accumulated. Now, as we are unaware that Australia possesses any such beasts of prey, a new and very interesting source of inquiry is here presented; and we must regret very much that Captain Sturt was not a little more particular in mentioning the description of bones found, to what animals they belonged, in what state they presented themselves, whether broken or whole, whether rolled and rounded so as to evince the action of water, or with their edges sharp and defined. These and many other such circumstances it would be necessary to know, before a proper opinion could be formed on this question. Of minerals, coal and iron are the principal. Coal is abundant, not so bituminous as ours, burning clearly and rapidly. It is getting daily more into demand at Sydney, accordingly as wood becomes more scarce. It can be had at the pit's mouth for five shillings a ton, but the expenses of carriage raise it to twenty shillings at Sydney. Iron is little worked; indeed, it can be little object, while, as Mr. P. Cunningham says, they can purchase English iron on the quay at Sydney for three halfpence a pound.

Of their animals we shall say little. Their most remarkable peculiarity, the *marsupium* or pouch in which the young spend some part of their lives before being fully born, is sufficiently well known. The reason for such a formation is still to be investigated; nor do we know even of a probable hypothesis respecting it. Sir Charles Bell was the last to propound one, but, in doing so, was candid enough to record an objection to it which is quite fatal. We either heard or read somewhere lately, not, however, as it strikes us, from competent authority, that some of the animals which had been transplanted from this country were beginning to show traces of a marsupiate formation. We have before said, that general principles have no reference to Australia, so that, respecting this fact, we neither venture to affirm nor deny. *Fides ejus rei penes auctores erit.*

As to the prospects which the newly-discovered tracts hold out to settlers, they are very poor. Every remove from Sydney, as long as Sydney is the only place where the conveniences of life can be procured, is an obstacle hard to be got over; but one much more insuperable is to be found in the recurrence of those droughts from which the interior in particular suffers so much, that what Mr. Oxley had navigated as a broad and rapid river, Captain Sturt walked through as a muddy bed, with a remote succession of

turbid pools. We cannot terminate this notice, which has already run to a greater length than we had intended, without expressing our deep regret that these expeditions should have terminated so unhappily for their excellent leader. With his own simple and affecting account of his sufferings, we shall conclude,—again heartily recommending the work to the notice of our readers:—

"Notwithstanding that I have in my dedication alluded to the causes that prevented the earlier appearance of this work, I feel it due both to myself and the public here to state, that during these expeditions my health had suffered so much, that I was unable to bear up against the effects of exposure, bodily labour, poverty of diet, and the anxiety of mind to which I was subjected. A residence on Norfolk Island, under peculiarly harassing circumstances, completed that which the above causes had commenced; and, after a succession of attacks, I became totally blind, and am still unable either to read what I pen, or to venture abroad without an attendant. When it is recollected, that I have been unassisted in this work in any one particular, I hope some excuse will be found for its imperfections. A wish to contribute to the public good led me to undertake those journeys which have cost me so much. The same feeling actuates me in recording their results; and I have the satisfaction to know, that my path among a large and savage population was a bloodless one; and that my intercourse with them was such as to lessen the danger to future adventurers upon such hazardous enterprises, and to give them hope where I had so often despaired. Something more powerful than human foresight or human prudence, appeared to avert the calamities and dangers with which I and my companions were so frequently threatened; and had it not been for the guidance and protection we received from the Providence of that good and all-wise Being to whose care we committed ourselves, we should, ere this, have ceased to rank among the number of His earthly creatures."

*Dramatic Scenes from Real Life.* By Lady Morgan. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

WE are quite sure that we cannot gratify our readers more than by some further extracts from this work. The following is a little conversational piece, between Mr. Sackville and Mr. Galbraith, the sub-agent of the former possessor of the estate. Subsequently, there is an inrush of neighbours, including Dr. Polypus, the rector, with some high-church friends,—the Rev. Enoch Grimshaw, and a bevy of saints,—the Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan, *alias* Father Phil,—and sundry other varieties, to be met with only in Irish society. That we might, so far as space admitted, allow the parties to develop their several characters, we have struck out all the little dramatic points and by-play, which give life and interest to the dialogue in the work itself.

"Mr. Sackville.—It is a great transition, Mr. Galbraith, from the centre of social civilization and refinement, arts, letters, and European interests, to these wild and dreary regions, to live among a people the most rude and lawless.

"Mr. Galbraith (*eagerly*).—Ah! there you are perfectly right, Mr. Sackville, sir, in regard of the region, as you, observed, sir, surely; the trees blowing all one way; and the limestone bottom, from Sheemore to Dromahane, and heavy rains and floods sweeping down from the mountains, since the time of Noah, and before; only just your own demesne: that I may see by my own iday of surface-draining. And in

regard of the lawless people, sir, you are perfectly right there, sir, for the finest pisantry in the world, as the agitators call them, are just a pack of bloody, murdering, papist villains, and care no more for taking the life of a Christian, than if he was a Jew, or a brute baste."

"Mr. Sack.—My object in coming here is to benefit the people committed by Providence to my care; for I cannot conceive that either the laws of God authorize, or the passions of society will much longer permit, the Irish proprietors to maintain their princely holdings, in an utter neglect of the millions by whose industry their property is rendered productive. As a matter of the plainest self-interest, I shall set earnestly to the task of improving not only the moral, but the animal condition of the peasantry.

"Mr. Galb.—I see, sir: you subscribe, I suppose, of course, to the Kildare-street Society?"

"Mr. Sack.—I believe I do; I have subscribed to so many things, by the advice and desire of my Irish friends in London, of all parties, that I really cannot remember the names of all. The multiplicity of these charities, by-the-by, is a sad evidence of the disorganised state of the country. \* \* \*

"Lady Emily.—I was thinking of those poor, haggard creatures all night. I saw them in my dreams, still more frightful. And the tall emaciated man that threw in the petition, and the wild woman, whose husband is to be hanged innocently. O Mr. Galbraith, if you had seen her, clinging to the window of the carriage, and running beside us as fast as the horses, her long black hair flying in the wind, and her really fine face, like the Kembles, and such tones! 'Think of your own dear husband, lady, to be hanged innocently.' O Mr. Galbraith, you who are yourself so good and charitable, as Mrs. O'Quigley says you are,—you, who established such nice soup-kitchens at Bally something, you must help me to save this poor woman and her innocent husband—I have written down her name in my *souvenir*. Here it is—Honora Brien."

"Mr. Galb. (*starts and changes colour*).—To be sure, my leedy. I am your leedyship's humble servant, intirely, ma'am. But you must not believe all you hear, my leedy, till you inquire both sides, at last. That woman's a great white boy! \* \* \*

"Lady Emily.—But, Mr. Gallespie, why, O why! do they look so very wretched—and starved?"

"Mr. Galb. (*drily*).—Oh, there's many a good reason for that, your leedyship. Besides, this is a bad saison for the pittaties—five-pence a stone for the red pittaties, ma'am—and six-pence for the apples."

"Lady Emily.—But why don't they eat bread, or even paste-cakes? any thing is better than starving or living on apples. \* \* \* But Mr.—[*she pauses: and then in a soothing tone*—] now what is, once for all, your nice name?"

"Mr. Galb. (*a little mortified, and petulantly*).—Why then, my leedy, once for all, Jerry Galbraith of Maryville, Sally Noggin—with your leedyship's good lave."

"Lady Emily.—Mr. Galbraith! But why is it not Mac Rory, or Crohore of the Bill-hook, or something with an O, or a Mac, like the names in the novels? I thought, when I came to Ireland, I should have nothing but O's and Macs, and names ending in aughs and cloughs."

"Mr. Galb.—Not at all, my leedy; only the peepists and the pisantry."

"Lady Emily.—The papists! what papists?"

"Mr. Galb.—Why the Romans, my leedy. The ginty of the country have no such low neams at all at all,—that's the Protestants, roa'am; (for all the esteemed ginty, and greet families, and thim attached to church and seat, and king and constitution, and of the right way, are Protestants, every mother's son of them, time immemorial, since iver the Glorious and

Immortal first set foot in the pleece. Och! the right sort are aasily known, my leedy, from the peepists, by name and neature, and it's with the likes of thim, your leedship will be after living here.

"*Lady Emily, (interrupting him impatiently.)*—But I don't want to live with those people. I want something so very Irish, you know; such as one sees on the stage, and in the Irish novels, and that do such funny things, and are so amusing. Haven't we any papists at all on our estates?"

"*Mr. Galb. (with a peculiar draw up of his mouth and eyebrow.)*—Plinty, my leedy. All the pisantry, to a man, are the blackest of peepists.

"*Lady Emily.*—Oh! I am delighted! I will go and see them all. I know I shall so like a black papist! \* \* \*

"*Lady Rosstrevor, (in a rhapsodical manner.)*—O Lady Emily! if you form an opinion of all the poorer classes of this country, from what you have seen in the benighted villages of Manor Sackville and Mogherow, you will greatly deceive yourself. You speak of their outward wretchedness; but what is it to their inward darkness!

"*Lady Emily.*—I do not see why the body is to be abandoned to filth and misery, because the soul is to be saved. Besides, as Mr. Sackville says, how can one shut oneself up, in measureless content, within one's gates, when all without is wretchedness and privation?"

"*Miss Grimshaw.*—That is rather, I beg your ladyship's pardon, a selfish consideration. Turning charity into a luxury, is making it a purely human enjoyment.

"*Lady Emily.*—I have always been taught that charity is a virtue at all events; in this miserable country, it is a duty; and it will be to us, as Mr. Sackville says, a positive enjoyment. We are therefore resolved to devote ourselves exclusively to doing good. All we want is to know how we shall set about it.

"*The Church and the Saints, (in antiphonizing choros.)*—We shall be most happy, Lady Emily, to point out the way.

"*Dr. Polyplus, (laying both hands on the table, and with a stentorian voice and ex-cathedra manner.)*—Lady Emily, I have the honour to be the rector of the parish of Manor Sackville; and if public station gave any right to meddle with private opinion, I certainly might claim the right of the church as by law established, to direct the benevolent views of the wealthiest of my parishioners. \* \* \* By a detestable cant, even the poor Protestants are taught that the episcopal properties are an abuse of religion, and must be confiscated to their use; while the poor wretches are at the same time unpityingly drained of their last shilling, for the service of the ravenous tabernacle.

"*Miss Grim.*—Drained for the tabernacle! drained of their last shilling! O Dr. Polyplus, this from you! who draw your four thousand a-year from these poor people!"

Here they adjourn to luncheon.

"*Mr. Sack. (breaking off a conversation with Lady Rosstrevor, and walking round the table, stops opposite Mr. O'Callaghan.)*—Perhaps you can give us some hints, sir. I assure you, I think such secrets worth knowing. I have always thought that potatoes are better dressed in France than any where. I like them à la maitre d'hôtel amazingly.

"*Mr. O'Callaghan.*—Not at all, sir, begging your pardon. Potatoes should always come up in their jackets. You must eat a hot potatoe out of the pot, in an Irish cabin, to know what a delicious thing it is. The craturs won't always have a grain of salt to give you with it: but they'll be sure to sweeten it with a *cead mille faltha*; and I believe, sir, there is no better

sauce to a plain thing, than the hearty welcome of a cordial hospitality.

"*Mr. Sack.*—Not to have salt to one's porridge, is a proverbial expression for poverty; and literally, not to have salt to one's potatoe, seems even below the scale of Irish privation.

"*Mr. O'Cal.*—Why then, sir, at this moment, within gun-shot of this stupendous and splendid banquet, at which we are (thanks to the Lord) faring sumptuously, and where, as the poet says, 'all is more than hospitably good,' there are hundreds of poor creatures, who would think themselves well off, to have plenty of potatoes, without the salt; and who would consider a *scudan rhu*, by way of a kitchen, a faist for a king.

"*Mr. Sack. (much affected.)*—Good God! The disparity is frightful. But what is that dish you speak of? Is it any thing that I can supply them with?"

"*Mr. O'Cal.*—Is it the *scudan rhu*, sir? Oh, it's only a salt herring, sir, and a single one is often a great trate to a whole family; and it is *shough'd* about like an anchovy, or other delicacy, after a fine dinner like this.

"*Dr. Pol.*—After all that is said of the poverty of the Irish peasantry, I most sincerely believe, that on an average, they are better off, or at least as well, as the peasantry of the continent. I have heard many enlightened travellers say so.

"*Mr. O'Cal.*—I make no comparisons, Dr. Polyplus, for I have not travelled further than Paris; [*turns to Mr. Sackville*]; but when it is remembered, sir, that the Irish peasant pays to the land shark squires at the rate of six pounds per acre, or more, for his half-acre of that land, which these middle men get from you, Mr. Sackville, for thirty shillings—a rent amounting to eleven-pence out of every shilling he earns—that when at the back of this, he contributes to keep Dr. Polyplus's coach-and-four,—laving a pretty profit to his proctor besides—that he maintains in a very genteel way my principal the Rivirend Father Everard, (who will give you as good a boiled fowl, and a bottle of port, as any man in the barony,) and that he even helps me to keep a tight little hack to ride to a station, or mass-house,—you will aasily conceive, Mr. Sackville, that the cratur may think himself well off with a potatoe;—without the luxury of the *scudan rhu*, and often without a drop of butter-milk to wash it down. The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Mr. Galbraith. Shall it be Burgundy, sir? I have it here beside me. [*Helps himself, and Mr. Galbraith, who is overwhelmed by his 'aissy assurance.'*]

"*Lady Emily, (poking her head forward, and listening with great earnestness.)*—What is his name, Dr. Polyplus? he is amazingly clever, and so amusing!

"*Dr. Polyplus.*—Do you really think so? I never met him before. His vulgarity, as much as his peculiar position here, keeps him out of good society. I forget his name; but by the lower orders he is commonly called Father Phil of Mogherow.

"*Lady Emily, (graciously.)*—Father Mogherow, will you allow me to recommend you some *gêlée à l'aspic*, with your cold ham? [*A great titter.*]

"*Mr. Galb. (to Mr. O'Callaghan, who is still talking to Mr. Sackville, with ease and earnestness.)*—Father Phil, my lady is asking you to take some jelly.

"*Mr. O'Cal.*—I ask your Ladyship's pardon, whatever you do me the honour to recommend.

"*Mr. Sack. (still in conversation with Mr. O'Callaghan.)*—For seven hundred years, the history of Ireland has remained the same;—misgovernment, 'one and indivisible.' What is the secret of this? Do you know, I am sometimes half inclined to suspect that there may be something of race at the bottom of all. Nothing is

so like the physical character of the ancient Celts, as that of the modern Irish,—I mean the mere Irish.

"*Mr. O'Cal. (wiping his mouth, throws his napkin on his plate, and gives himself up wholly to his subject.)*—To be sure, sir. I am a studier of races. Every man who is fond of dogs and horses, and all the poor brute bastes in the creation, as I am, will be a believer in the hereditary temperament of the different great families of the earth. There, sir, sits my neighbour, Jerry Galbraith. Look at that face of his. [*All turn their eyes on Galbraith, who is 'bothered entirely,' at being thus singled out.*] Well, sir, all the world over, I would say that was an Irish graft on a Scotch stock. Thin, sir, you need not be after studying the genealogical table of the ancient and respectable families of the Polyusses and the Grindalls, to know them as Williamites,—Dutch transplanted to Ireland—a mixture of the tulip and the trefoil. \* \* \* It's among the pisantry that you will find the real ancient ould Celts, Mr. Sackville;—up in the mountains of Munster and Connaught, the Daltries and Cunnamara; and down in the lowlands, among the lower classes, like myself. As to the brass-buttoned gentry, as we call them at the fair of Ballynasloe, they're all foreigners, sir, Danes, Saxons, Spaniards, (or Milesians, if you will,) Normans, Allemans, and Dutch. \* \* \* Look to thim Anglo-Normans. Since iver they left the track of their *tracens* in the soil, there they are, rooted like docks. They've held fast by the fiddle, as the clown says at Donnybrook fair, sticking like burrs, and flourishing like mustard-seed, to this day. They are the *fil's*, (which we translate Fitzes,) the Geraldines, the Moriscoes, the de Talbots, and the de Botelers, six hundred years and more, keeping the place from the right owners.

"*Mr. Sack. (laughing.)*—Six hundred years are no brief possession, Mr. O'Callaghan. \* \* \* There is no wrestling with events. They are more powerful than men. The fate of Ireland was inevitable. It is her interest, now, to forget the past.

"*Mr. O'Cal. (vehemently.)*—I don't agree with you, Mr. Sackville, as far as Ireland goes. Ireland is the last country on the face of the creation that should forget the past. It is all she has,—the memory of the time when she was 'great, glorious, and free.'

"*Lord Fitzroy, (dressing an orange with various condiments.)*—When was that Mr. O'Callaghan?

"*Mr. O'Cal. (intemperately.)*—When was that, my lord? Long before your lordship's ancestors left their *Bicoque* in Normandy, and came over as *officiers de bouche*, in the domestic establishment of William the Conqueror of England. \* \* \* Oh, Mr. Sackville, it is neither for the present interest, nor for the future fortunes of the country—neither for her pride nor her glory, that Ireland should forget the past. She should not forget that her soil, where for centuries 'many a saint and many a hero trod,' has been bathed in the blood of her brave sons, who were deprived of their liberty, and of their ancient, national, and venerated church.

"*Mr. Sack.*—But your poetical saints and heroes, in plain English, were idle monks and ferocious banditti—alike barbarous, bigoted, and living by the plunder and degradation of the people. They have no longer advocates or admirers in the nineteenth century, save only in that house of refuge for all by-gone institutions and forms,—Ireland. \* \* \* Other virtues, other energies than those of your barbarous ancestors, are necessary to lead you to prosperity and happiness. You want not saints, but citizens;—not heroes, but peaceable, industrious, and calculating utilitarians.

"*Mr. O'Cal.*—O none of your Utilitarians, none of your Benthamites! Patriotism, Mr. Sack-

ville, patriotism teaches another lesson. Where else can our fine pisantry learn to love their country, and devote themselves to its freedom, but in the records of the courage and piety of their ancestors—the pages of O'Flaherty, Keating, and O'Halloran?

"Mr. Sack.—Oh! Mr. O'Callaghan; that is no declamation of yours; you are evidently too clever, too clear-sighted a person to be the dupe of such vague generalities, or monstrous fables, as the authors advance to whom you allude. You must know and feel, that your pisantry are no longer the finest in the world; whatever they may have been. Neglect, oppression, want, and the influence of others over their deep, dark ignorance, have degraded them in too many instances, to the level of the brute animal, who shares their hut and their scanty food. Their very nature seems changed. Human life has ceased to be valued among them; they take it without remorse,—as they part with it without regret; and if the soil of Ireland is still bathed in blood, it is not drawn by her enemies, but by her infuriated children."

*Village Belles; a Novel.* 3 vols. London: Baldwin & Cradock.

WE have only one fault to find with this book, and that is, that it took up more of our time than we could well spare; for, when we began it, we could not willingly lay it aside, and there was no possibility of skipping pages, and passing over talk, to come to the catastrophe. Moreover, the production is altogether a curiosity; for without dukes, silver forks, kitchen stuff, mysteries, foundlings, murders, suicides, duelling, or any of the ordinary stimulants of *trivoluminous* fiction, it kept our interest alive through every page. The great charm of the volumes lies in their exquisite truth and quietness—their unaffected plainness and neatness; there is nothing grand, profound, startling, eloquent, philosophical, thrilling; there is nothing that stops the breath with awful expectation: the characters, the incidents, the plot, are so very simple, that had the work been wrought out by a feeble pen, it would have been the dulllest and most insipid production imaginable; whereas now, from the fine perception and close observation of the author, here is as true and pretty a picture of 'Village Belles' as can well be conceived. The skillfulness of an author or an artist is never shown to such advantage, as in those minute and trifling touches which are "hit or miss." It was a peculiarity in Sterne's writings, carried indeed to excess, that by the introduction of some circumstance accidental to the scene, he gave a pleasant air of reality to his pictures. Touches of this nature abound in the novel before us; so that we can hardly think it to be a fiction, while we know that it certainly is, and is a very clever one. The characters are various, numerous, and true to nature; the conversations and scenes seem taken from life by a kind of mental camera obscura; and our wonder is, how we can be interested by such everyday and commonplace matters: and herein is a peculiar and remarkable merit in the work, that while we read we do not think of the author, but of the characters to whom we are introduced; and yet the individuals are, and would be, nothing without the skill and tact of the author. Some topics are in themselves so exceedingly interesting and absorbing, that, let who will be the teller of the tale, our interest and sympathy are engaged; thus, for

instance, no one asked or cared who was the author of those delightful columns in the daily papers, that treated of Thurtell and Corder—the topic had an interest of its own; but when characters and incidents are such common and everyday concerns as are to be found in every village in the kingdom, then it is that we admire the skill that can make them so engaging.

To give a fair specimen of the work, in the way of extract, would require more space than we can afford; but there is one short chapter, which shows so neat an apprehension of character, that we shall extract it, as corroborative of the remarks that we have made:—

*A sudden Convert.*

"Sunday morning arose clear and bright, and Rosina, nicely dressed, accompanied her mother and sister to church with feelings of great complacency. She could not help stealing a furtive glance around, to see in whose pew Mr. Huntley might be sitting; but no Mr. Huntley was to be seen, a circumstance not inimical to her devotion. After service, Matthew ran to divide his mother and eldest sister, and accompany them down the lane; and Sam Good, in the glory of a new blue coat with bright metal buttons and a primrose waistcoat, walked by the side of Rosina, flourishing his cane, drawing up his pert little figure, and observing that the weather was 'uncommonly charming.' He came on Matthew's invitation, to lunch at the White Cottage; and then, to Rosina's relief, they set forth on a walk.

"There was a poor lame boy, named Henry Neale, who lived in a small cottage on the chalk hills which bounded the valley opposite to the church, to whom, as he was unable to attend the service, Hannah always went to read for half an hour before dinner on Sundays. Thither she was now accompanied by Rosina, and as they were proceeding down the lane, Mr. Huntley crossed a stile which brought him immediately in their path. He looked pleased at the rencontre, bowed, hoped Mrs. Wellford was quite well, and took the same direction as that which they were keeping.

"'I have had a delightful morning,' said he, 'on these downs!'

"'You were not at church then?' said Hannah.

"'No. That was very wicked of me, was it not?' said Mr. Huntley, laughing, and looking at her as if he did not expect to be judged very severely. 'I have been lying under a venerable tree, Miss Wellford,—listening to the harmony of the birds and the distant tolling of the village bell, and watching the various picturesque groups of peasantry as they crossed the hills. How much more enjoyable is a Sunday in the country than in London! There you are jostled by strings of elaborately dressed, unintellectual looking people, pouring from churches and chapels, or nearly run over by cockneys in their one-horse chaises, setting out on expeditions to Highgate or Hampstead.'

"'You speak of meeting the congregations face to face, Mr. Huntley,' said Hannah. 'Are we to understand, then, that you do not add one to their number?'

"'That is a very satirical inference,' he replied, smiling. 'Oh, I assure you, I go to church—sometimes. However, I will acknowledge that my attendance might be more regular. But shall I also own to you that the green hills and the clear blue vault of heaven form, in my humble opinion, a fitter temple for the worship of their Maker than the most gorgeous building which man can raise?'

"Hannah looked at him in quiet surprise.

"'I am an idle fellow, and talk a great deal of nonsense, I dare say; but there is to me so

much of formality, of mind-crushing repetition, in the prescribed service, so much of the tiresome or ridiculous in the manner in which it is usually performed, as to deaden, or at any rate, interrupt feelings of devotion. A liturgy is a good thing; an established liturgy there ought to be; I agree with you there—those that have no ideas of their own to express, must have words put into their mouths—but the helps which are given to sluggish piety are inefficient, and real piety wants none. A miserable chorus of charity children, often a droning preacher, always a bad clerk, are the chosen substitutes for the majestic trains of priests and melodious choirs who presided over the worship of the ancients. Surely,' continued he more earnestly, and stooping as he spoke, to gather a tuft of flowers, 'more real advantage may be derived from moralizing over one of these campanulas which spring beneath our feet, than in drowsily listening to one of those well-paid gentlemen who

—'reading what they never wrote, Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work, And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!'

"'You should hear Mr. Russell!' said Hannah with energy.

"'Yes, he is a man of talent, and doubtless preaches well; but will you not allow that, in general, my idea is correct?'

"'I—I dare say that the study of the campanula may awaken some very good feelings, but—'

"'But what?'

"'Should we rest there? That does not amount, does it, to more than the religion of nature?'

"'Well!'

"Hannah paused, and Huntley for a moment looked triumphant.

"'Well!' repeated he, 'what have you to say against the religion of Nature?'

"'Nothing against it—only that there are six days in the week on which we may study campanulas; the seventh requires—something more.'

"'You are right,' said Mr. Huntley, looking pleased; and after a short pause, he added, 'I like to hear women plead for religion as if it were something intimately connected with themselves.'

"'They had now reached Henry Neale's cottage; and Rosina, who had attentively listened to the dialogue between her sister and their new acquaintance, opened the garden gate.

"'You are bound on some errand of charity, I suppose,' said Mr. Huntley, as he glanced at the mean exterior of the cottage.—'Well, Miss Wellford, I am a thorough convert. You may believe me, I assure you. See! here goes the campanula! And this afternoon, I shall make a point of hearing your Mr. Russell.'

"'Every body's Mr. Russell,' said Hannah.

"'Nay, the pronoun was plural, and embraced the whole parish. Till I have the honour, Miss Wellford, of a more intimate acquaintance, the monosyllable *you* must occasionally comprise all Summerfield, while *we* stands for the busy world of London, with myself as one of its inhabitants.'

"Mr. Huntley bowed respectfully and gracefully, and passed on. 'What a study she would make!' thought he. 'If I could but persuade her to give me a few sittings!'

There is nothing new, original, or profound, in the above, but it is most unostentatiously true to nature, and with its truth it also conveys a sweet and wholesome lesson.

On the whole, this is not a work to create a sensation in the reading world, or a revolution in the literary world; but it will please and enchain readers of healthy taste, and it stands quite as good a chance of being read a second time as any book that has been



published this season. Apropos,—we have just thought of it in time: we have found no fault with the work, or, at least, only one—which is rather a recommendation than a fault,—let us, then, here add, that the phrase *sotto voce* occurs rather too frequently—it comes in as often as (*aside*) in a comedy.

*Tales of Glauber-Spa.* By several American Authors. 2 vols. New York: Harper; London, O. Rich.

THE shorter, as well as the longer tale, common to Europe, has been produced by our brethren in America with considerable success. In conception, they sometimes want the higher flights of imagination which distinguish the stories of their island sires; but in dramatic life and graphic detail, we are less sure of our superiority; we have met with tales from the States which have moved us to mirth and to tears, and which still keep possession of our fancy. The volumes before us contain eight tales of various merit: some are stories of Europe and her beauty and her chivalry—others are of the great western wilderness; the latter we like most—not that they exhibit more talent than the others, but because they unfold to us new views of life and manners, and show us something which we have not before contemplated. The authors who write for the English market should consider that we are a pampered people; that we have had a surfeit of the most delicious viands; and that we can swallow no more, unless it comes to us in the provoking shape of a devilled lark, or some such savoury morsel, enough to make a dead man gape. It is upon this principle chiefly that we prefer the 'Last of the Mohicans' to all the other works of Cooper: all that it tells us is new, at least to us; it is less so, of course, to the people of the States.

In a humorous advertisement, these tales are ascribed to Paulding, Bryant, Sands, and Leggett. The first one, entitled 'Le Bossu,' is of the days of Charlemagne;—the second, 'Childe Roeliff's Pilgrimage,' is a tale of these our latter days, and the scene is laid in America. The hero sets out with his only daughter, Minerva; he sees much, and relates what he sees in a very agreeable manner. Those who are fond of the fearful will like 'The Skeleton's Cave': it relates the adventures of a party who penetrated into one of the great western caverns during the moment of a convulsion of the earth, and were all but buried alive. The last story of the first volume is called 'Medfield'; and the aim of the writer is to impress on us how acceptable gentleness to animals and birds is to the Creator of all things. The hero of the narrative imagined that his actions were watched by an invisible being, who checked him when about to shoot singing birds, harmless squirrels, or other innocent creatures, whose song, or whose beauty, threw a charm over the land. He tries the fishing-rod: it is thus he describes his success:—

"Standing on the green bank, in the shade of a thicket, I dropped my line into the water. It was a clear and glossy little pool of the brook, save at the upper end, where it was agitated with the current that fell into it over a mossy rock, and I saw the fish playing in its transparent depths, noiselessly, and with that easy, graceful motion which belongs to most creatures of their element. I was leaning intently forward, waiting for one of them to ap-

proach the fatal hook, when I felt a touch, a distinct touch, laid on my right arm. So unexpected was this, in the silence and quiet and utter solitude of the scene around me, and in the pursuit of amusement which I had never regarded as otherwise than innocent—and so irritable had my nervous system become in consequence of the late extraordinary incidents, that I started at the sensation with the quickness of lightning, wheeling suddenly to the right, and jerking involuntarily the line from the water. There was nothing in sight that could have touched me—and the only living sound to be heard was my own hard breathing through distended nostrils, mingling with the murmurs of the water and the sighs of the wind. For a while I stood lost in astonishment, but at length recovering, I searched the thicket, in the shade of which I stood, to discover whether it concealed any person who was idle enough to amuse himself in this manner at my expense. In this search I was, as usual, unsuccessful."

He is slandered in the public prints; he rises in a public meeting to confront and confound the slanderer—the invisible monitor is not idle:—

"In obedience to the general expectation, I addressed the meeting. I thanked my friends for the zeal they had shown in my behalf;—fruitless though it had been, it gave them no less a claim on my gratitude than if it had been attended with the accident of success. I alluded to the accusations which had been brought against me—slanders worthy, I said, of the source from which they had proceeded. I vindicated myself from them briefly and concisely, for I was anxious to arrive at a point in my discourse on which I intended to dilate more at length, namely, the conduct of my antagonist and his party. Having come to this topic, I felt myself inspired by that degree of excitement which gives force and fluency of language, and the power of moving the minds of others; and I thought to utter things which should be remembered, and repeated, and felt by those against whom they were levelled. I had already begun my philippic, and was proceeding with raised voice and some vehemence of gesture, when I felt myself plucked by the sleeve. Pausing for an instant, I looked round, but saw no one who touched, or appeared to have touched me. I proceeded, and the signal was repeated. It occurred to me that there was probably some creature of my adversary near me, who wanted to interrupt and confuse me, and I cast brief and fierce glances to the right and the left, which made my worthy friends who stood near me recede, with looks of anxiety and almost of alarm. Again I began, raising my arm as I spoke, but at that moment it seemed clogged with the weight of a mill-stone, and fell powerless to my side. Eager only to proceed, and careless from what quarter the interruption might come, provided I got clear of it, I made a strong effort to shake off the encumbrance, raising at the same time my voice, and attempting to finish in a full sonorous tone the sentence I had begun. Instantly I felt at my throat a cold rigid grasp, as of a hand of iron—a grasp quite different from the gentle and apparently kind pressure I had sometimes before experienced, choking the voice as it issued from my lungs, and forcing me down into my seat. So completely had I been absorbed in the subject of my harangue that I did not, until the moment that I found myself in my chair, conjecture the real cause of the interruption. The idea then flashed upon my mind that this was an interference of the same nature with that which had withheld me from replying to the newspaper attack of my antagonist. My emotions of awe, alarm, and discouragement, at this stern and mysterious rebuke, were overpowering, and it was with difficulty that I collected myself suffi-

ciently to whisper to a friend who was near me, requesting him to apologize, as well as the case would admit, for my inability to proceed. He arose and attributed what had happened, I believe, to a sudden indisposition, while I retired hastily from the assembly."

He walks out with his fowling-piece to shoot birds—the same power is at hand to protect the order of creation:—

"Sometimes I carried a fowling-piece, but I had not yet thought of using it, when once straying into a deep unfrequented wood, I observed, not far distant from me, sitting on the prostrate trunk of a tree, a partridge or pheasant, as it is indifferently called in this country, though like neither of the birds known in England by these names. The shy and beautiful bird, unaware of my near approach, yet roused to attention by the rustling of the leaves, stood with his crested head and ruffed neck erect, as if listening to the sound, in order to determine whether it boded danger. I raised my fowling-piece to my eye and levelled it, and immediately I felt the muzzle drawn towards the ground as if loaded with a sudden weight. I raised it again, taking fresh aim, but before I could discharge the piece, it was drawn downwards a second time. Was this the effect of an excited imagination, or of my own want of skill, or was it in fact a supernatural admonition? The worst certainly could not be so painful as this state of doubt; and in conformity with the habit and inclination of my mind, I instantly resolved that I would obtain all the certainty of which the case admitted. Kneeling down, therefore, I rested my fowling-piece on a log which lay before me, and placing my hands, one on the stock, and the other under the lock, with its forefinger on the trigger, I directed the muzzle towards the object. Before I could take accurate aim, I felt my right arm suddenly pulled back, the piece was discharged, and the ball passed over the head of the bird, which, spreading its mottled wings, rose with a whirr from the ground, and flying a few rods, alighted and ran from my sight."

"Here was what appeared to me a clear interposition of some external power which had caused me to discharge the piece before I was prepared. But who or what was the agent by whom I had been restrained? In the present case it was an interposition of benevolence, and effected its end by mild methods. But what was I to think of the chill and iron grasp which had stifled my utterance, and nearly deprived me of the breath of life when I strove to speak in my own defence? And in what light should I regard the force which but a day or two previous had struck my arm powerless to my side? Could it be that the gentle being who once shared my fortunes was the agent of such violence,—or was another employed in the ungrateful task of subduing my more obstinate moods, while to her was left the care of admonishing me by light pressures, and soft touches of her own delicate hand?"

'The Block House,' with which the second volume commences, is an American tale of true love, and very well told. 'Mr. Green' is the story of a man to whom all matters were of a like importance: there are many such in the world, but few so amusing as our transatlantic philosopher. The remaining tales of 'Selim' and 'Boyuca' are of European extraction, and interesting after their kind. We are not sure that these volumes will deprive our apprentices of their repose, or make a milliner's girl put a gum flower the less in her hair. They are pretty, rather than powerful.

## AMERICAN FAMILY LIBRARY.

*The Life of Mohammed.* By the Rev. George Bush, A.M. New York: Harper; London, Rich.

Mr. Forster's very original, ingenious, and learned work, 'Mahometanism Unveiled,' excited more attention on the continent and in America than in this country. It was the first work, written by a Christian divine, in which the great reformer of Mecca was not portrayed as a monster of iniquity, and his system described as a pestilent imposture. Mr. Forster has clearly shown that the doctrines preached by Mohammed were superior to any of the corrupted creeds with which they were primarily brought into competition; and that if the Arabian teacher must be regarded as a commissioned agent of Providence, his commission was for good, at least as much as for evil. The very curious theory, that Mohammedanism is designed for those who have descended from "the child of the bond-woman," and is, therefore, a spurious imitation of the holy religion, propounded to those who inherit the promises made to "the child of the free-woman;" the attempt to identify Mohammed with "the little horn" mentioned in the seventh chapter of Daniel, and to prove that the Saracenic conquests are predicted in the ninth chapter of the Apocalypse, we leave to those who have a taste for the interpretation of prophecy; they will find these subjects very ably discussed by Mr. Forster, and by Mr. Bush, who is his devoted follower. The works of both these gentlemen are written in a spirit of philanthropy and tone of moderation as rare as they are valuable in the works of polemic theologians. Mr. Bush, with unusual candour, claims for his work merely the credit of faithful compilation; it merits, however, higher praise, for we find in it some original views of human nature, and many practical remarks on the influence of circumstances over the mind. We shall take from his work an account of the most striking circumstances in the life of the prophet. The precise time of his birth is not certain, but that he was descended from a noble family is indubitable; the death of his father, however, consigned him to early poverty. Prodiges, of course, are declared to have heralded his birth. Mr. Bush hesitates about declaring these and many similar stories inventions of a later age, but the want of any allusion to them in the Koran leaves no room to doubt on the subject. The first important incident in Mohammed's life is his visit to Syria, where he first became acquainted with Christianity. The fables told respecting this journey shows, that it was connected with some important fact in the history of his religious faith, but the precise nature of the fact it is impossible to discover. We must also add, that there is reason to believe that the Syrian journey occurred at a much later date than is here assigned to it.

The next most remarkable circumstance is his marriage: Cadijah was to Mohammed what Josephine was to Napoleon, but the Arabian was more grateful than the Corsican.

About this period, by the assistance of his uncle, he was entered into the service of a rich trading widow of his native city, who had been twice married, and whose name was CADIJAH. In the capacity of factor or agent to this his wealthy employer, he took a second journey of three years into Damascus and the neighbouring regions of Syria, in which he devoted himself so

assiduously to the interests of Cadijah, and managed the trust committed to him so entirely to her satisfaction, that upon his return she rewarded his fidelity with the gift of her hand and her fortune. It may be imagined, that in entering into this alliance, she was probably influenced by the family connexions and the personal attractions of her suitor. But whatever were her motives, the union subsequently appears to have been one of genuine affection on both sides; Mohammed never forgot the favours he had received from his benefactress, and never made her repent of having placed her person and her fortune at his absolute disposal. Although Cadijah, at the time of her marriage, was forty, and Mohammed not more than twenty-eight, yet till the age of sixty-four, when she died, she enjoyed the undivided affection of her husband; and that too in a country where polygamy was allowed, and very frequently practised."

Mr. Bush passes lightly over the prophet's retirement to the cave of Hera, and dwells at disproportionate length on the "night journey to Heaven;" we copy Reinaud's abridged account of this singular circumstance from the last number of the *Foreign Quarterly*, and have, at the same time, to express our approbation of the reviewer's commentary:—

"One night," said Mohammed, "whilst I was asleep, the angel Gabriel presented himself before me, and ordered me to follow him; at the same time he took me by the hand and made me mount the celestial beast Al Borak (*the thunderer*); he then conducted me through the air. We travelled between heaven and earth with such rapidity, that in the twinkling of an eye we reached Mount Sinai. There we stopped to offer a prayer; after which, resuming our journey, we arrived at Bethlehem, the country of Jesus, the son of Mary; we stopped there also to offer a prayer; after which, we proceeded to Jerusalem, and stopped on the site of Solomon's temple. After having offered another prayer there, the angel took me up, and covering me with his wings, carried me to heaven. We passed successively through the seven heavens, saluting the angels and archangels that met us, and conversing with the patriarchs and prophets that had lived in olden times. At last arrived near the throne of God, I advanced alone, and approached the Ineffable Presence. There I saw things that human tongue cannot express, nor human imagination comprehend. After having conversed with the Lord, I returned to Gabriel, and we descended back to Jerusalem, from whence we returned to Mecca. This long voyage was performed in so short a space of time that no one perceived my absence."

"Now it seems to us exceedingly probable that Mohammed had really some such dream as he here describes; indeed there is an express tradition of Moaweyah, one of the prophet's successors, that he spoke of it himself as a vision. But the circumstances which lead to the suspicion of fraud, are, that he insisted on this dream as a special confirmation of his mission, and that he refers to it in the Koran so equivocally, as to leave a doubt whether it was a fact or a fancy. Thus in the seventeenth chapter he says:

"Praise be unto him who transported his servant by night from the sacred temple of Mecca to the farther temple of Jerusalem, the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show him some of our signs; for God is he who heareth and seeth."

The origin of the Koran is a stumbling block to every writer on the subject; Mr. Bush does not appear to have discovered that the work contains the elements of two religions: one teaching patience and forbearance almost stoical, in the chapters revealed at Mecca; the other inculcating

ferocious propagandism, which belongs to the chapters revealed at Medina. The examination of the Koran, its claims to originality, and the question of its authorship, would require more space than we can afford; but we hope at some future time to resume the subject. Passing over several years of the prophet's life, we come to the battle of Ohod, in which Mohammed was defeated by one who was, subsequently, the most efficacious propagator of his faith.

"Impelled by a spirit of rash confidence, he unwarily promised them certain victory. The prophetic powers of the apostle were to be estimated by the event. Mohammed, in every encounter, seems to have manifested, in a high degree, the talents of a general. In the present instance his army, consisting of about one thousand men, was advantageously posted on the declivity of the mountain Ohod, four miles to the north of Medina. \* \* \* The Koreish advanced in the form of a crescent; Caled, the fiercest of the Arabian warriors, led the right wing of the cavalry; while Hinda, the wife of Abu Sophyan, accompanied by fifteen matrons of Mecca, incessantly sounded timbrels to animate the troops to the approaching conflict. The action commenced by the Moslems charging down the hill, and breaking through the enemy's ranks. Victory or paradise was the reward promised by Mohammed to his soldiers, and they strove with frantic enthusiasm to gain the expected recompense. The line of the enemy was quickly disordered, and an easy victory seemed about to crown the spirit and valour of the Moslem troops. At this moment, the archers in the rear, impelled by the hope of plunder, deserted their station and scattered themselves over the field. The intrepid Caled, seizing the favourable opportunity, wheeled his cavalry on their flank and rear, and exclaiming aloud, 'Mohammed is slain!' charged with such fury upon the disordered ranks of the Moslems, as speedily to turn the fate of the day. The flying report of the death of their leader so dispirited the faithful, that they gave way in every direction, and the rout soon became general. Mohammed endeavoured in vain to rally his broken troops; he fought with desperate valour; exposed his person where the danger appeared greatest; was wounded in the face by a javelin; had two of his teeth shattered by a stone; was thrown from his horse; and would in all probability have been slain, but for the determined bravery of a few chosen adherents, who rescued their leader from the throng, and bore him away to a place of safety. The day was utterly lost; seventy of his soldiers were slain, among whom was his uncle Hamza; and his reputation as a prophet and apostle was in imminent peril. His followers murmured at the disastrous issue of the conflict, and had the hardihood to affirm that the prophet had deceived them; that the will of the Lord had not been revealed to him, since his confident prediction of success had been followed by a signal defeat. The prophet, on the other hand, threw the blame on the sins of the people; the anger of the Lord hath fallen upon them in consequence of an overweening conceit of their security, and because he had determined to make trial of their sincerity."

This battle, which would have proved fatal to any other pretender, became eventually the source of new power to Mohammed; but the days of his prosperity were those of his most severe suffering, for, just as the vista of extensive conquest opened to his view, an attempt was made on his life by poison, which, though not immediately fatal, ruined his constitution:—

"Mohammed, on entering the town, took up his quarters at the house of Hareth, one of the

principal inhabitants, and here met with a reception which eventually cost him his life. Zeinab, the daughter of Hareth, while preparing a meal for the conqueror and his attendants, inserted a quantity of poison into a shoulder of mutton which was served up at the table. Bashar, a companion of Mohammed, had scarcely begun to eat of it, before he was seized with convulsions, and died upon the spot. Mohammed, by spitting out the greatest part of what he had taken into his mouth, escaped immediate death, but the effects of the fatal drug had entered his system, and, resisting every effort of medicine to expel or counteract it, in somewhat more than three years afterward it brought him to his end. If, as the reporters of Mohammed's miracles affirm, the shoulder of mutton informed the prophet of its being poisoned, it is certain the intelligence came too late. The seeds of death were henceforth effectually sown in his constitution; and his own decline ever after kept pace with his growing power. When Zeinab was asked, how she had dared to perpetrate a deed of such unparalleled enormity, she is said to have answered, 'that she was determined to make trial of his powers as a prophet: if he were a true prophet,' said she, 'he would know that the meat was poisoned; if not, it would be a favour to the world to rid it of such a tyrant.' It is not agreed among the Mohammedan writers what was the punishment inflicted upon this second Jael, or whether she suffered any. Some affirm that she was pardoned; others that she was put to death."

The circumstances of his death are vividly narrated by our author:—

"The death of Mohammed was hastened by the force of a burning fever, which deprived him at times of the use of reason. \* \* \* His favourite wife Ayesha hung over her husband in his last moments, sustaining his drooping head upon her knee, as he lay stretched upon the carpet, watching with trembling anxiety his changing countenance, and listening to the last broken sounds of his voice. His disease, as it drew towards its termination, was attended at intervals with most excruciating pains, which he constantly ascribed to the fatal morsel taken at Chaibar; and, as the mother of Bashar, the companion who had died upon the spot from the same cause stood by his side, he exclaimed, 'O mother of Bashar, the cords of my heart are now breaking of the food which I ate with your son at Chaibar.' In his conversation with those around him, he mentioned it as a special prerogative granted to him, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked of him his permission, and this permission he condescendingly granted. Recovering from a swoon into which the violence of his pains had thrown him, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with faltering accents exclaimed, 'O God! pardon my sins. Yes, I come among my fellow-labourers on high!' His face was then sprinkled with water, and that by his own feeble hand, when he shortly after expired.

"The city, and more especially the house of the prophet, became at once a scene of sorrowful, but confused lamentation. Some of his followers could not believe that he was dead. 'How can he be dead, our witness, our intercessor, our mediator with God? He is not dead. Like Moses and Jesus he is rapt in a holy trance, and speedily will he return to his faithful people.' The evidence of sense was disregarded, and Omar, brandishing his scimitar, threatened to strike off the heads of the infidels who should affirm that the prophet was no more. The tumult was at length appeased by the moderation of Abubeker. 'Is it Mohammed,' said he, 'or the God of Mohammed, whom ye worship? The God of Mohammed liveth for ever, but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves, and accord-

ing to his own prediction, he hath experienced the common fate of mortality."

Mr. Bush devotes an entire chapter to an estimate of Mohammed's character, which, on the whole, deserves the praise of candour and impartiality. Some very useful appendices are subjoined; we regret, however, that the Mohammedan confession of faith has been extracted from Morgan's inaccurate work; a more full and faithful translation of this singular document will be found in the second number of the *Dublin University Review*.

*Geometry without Axioms.* By a Member of the University of Cambridge. 4th edition. London: Heward.

AN axiom is defined to be "a self-evident proposition"—but no such thing as self-evident truth exists. There are, indeed, many truths whose evidence is presented to us so forcibly and so continually, that we regard them as intuitive; but these are not self-evident; they are only proved to us by incessant experience. The groundwork of every science is observation; our senses take cognizance of certain facts, which are found to be invariable under all circumstances, and which may therefore be denominated universal truths; but these truths should be termed Penasms, that is, truths of which we have acquired the knowledge by experience. That geometry, like every other science, ultimately rests on some facts derived from observation, is certain; but these facts are so few, so simple, and so utterly disproportionate to the vast superstructure raised upon them, that we can scarcely be surprised at the mistake made by the ancient philosophers, who regarded it as a science purely mental and contemplative. Impressed with this notion, they sacrificed in many instances simplicity to a supposed rigidity of demonstration, and made the basis of their reasoning, not truths derived from the evidence of the senses, but truths supposed to be naturally inherent in the mind. These axioms, as they were called, were, however, but disguised assumptions. Passing over the notorious case of Euclid's twelfth axiom, it is manifestly a more obvious truth, that "two sides of a triangle are greater than the third," than that "all right angles are equal," yet, for the first we are supplied with a formal demonstration, while the latter is declared to be self-evident. Resting on such assumptions, geometry can scarcely claim to be ranked among the *exact* sciences; but it has been long known, that the necessity for them could be avoided, by simply introducing the idea of motion. This was rejected by the Greek philosophers, because they believed that a science which they were resolved to regard as purely intellectual, would be degraded by an appeal to the senses; but why modern geometricians should persevere in the same course, can only be explained by that reverence for antiquity, which during two thousand years has been the greatest impediment to the progress of science. The two truths on which Col. Thompson has based the geometrical system before us, are, that substances of definite forms exist, and that continuous motion is possible; on these two principles he founds a spherical geometry, by whose aid he strictly demonstrates all the propositions which have been hitherto received

without proof, under the name of axioms and postulates. This he calls his *Intercalary Book*; and a more ingenious and beautiful example of mathematical reasoning has not appeared since the closing of the school of Alexandria.

A question, however, arises as to the mode of using this *Intercalary Book*, for, in several of the propositions, the reasoning is too complex to be easily understood by a student commencing geometry; and the Colonel recommends that the results should, as now, be assumed as true, but that the student should be told, "the proof of these at present would disturb the order of your studies, but at a future time you shall be made acquainted with the demonstrations." Thus, when a youth had gone through the six books of Euclid, he might turn to the *Intercalary Book*, and find it the bond which united all his previous knowledge into an exact and orderly system.

Euclid's doctrine of parallel lines has been always the opprobrium of geometry, and countless efforts have been made to evade the difficulty; in them all, however, we find assumptions more or less disguised, and we doubt whether the Colonel has not made a little jump between propositions B and C, XXVIII; his demonstration is, however, more rigid than any we have seen, but, unfortunately, it is very complicated. With beginners, we should prefer referring at once to the common sense notion of parallels; which is obviously, that parallel lines are those between which lines drawn in the same direction are equal, and consequently between which two perpendiculars are equal. This is, to be sure, an assumption, but then it has the merit of being undisguised, intelligible, and not demanding any great stretch of credulity in the student. There are some changes made by the Colonel, in the order of propositions in the first book of Euclid's *Elements* which we highly approve, and we should be glad to see the same principle of reform applied to the entire. There should, indeed, be two systems of geometry: the one constantly appealing to observation and the senses, for the use of the young, and of those who have not been accustomed to the rigid exercise of the reasoning faculties; the other designed for the period when the mind is more advanced, and when the merits of exactitude in science can be appreciated.

We have been too well pleased with this work, to carp at trivial inaccuracies of expression, but, as critics must find fault with something, we shall object to the introduction of political allusions in the preface, which are only calculated to excite needless hostility to the book, and limit its usefulness by stimulating a powerful party to set themselves against its circulation.

*Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832, under the Orders of His Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro, Duke of Braganza.* By G. Lloyd Hodges, Esq. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

THE following brief sketch of the characters of those influential persons most likely to take an active part in the government of Portugal, should Donna Maria ascend the throne of that country, may, at this particular moment, interest our readers. We must, however, premise, that if Colonel



Hodges be correct in all his opinions respecting Dom Pedro, there has been much court scandal in the Brazils.

*Dom Pedro.*

"Dom Pedro's is one of those characters so disposed to the open manifestation of every passing sentiment which affects the mind, that it offers but little difficulty to its thorough comprehension, by even a careless observer. He possesses, in an eminent degree, some of the most valuable qualities that adorn humanity, clouded, truth obliges me to confess, by some that are but too likely to lessen materially the degree of good he is striving to confer on his country. Frank, open, and manly, possessing, too, a powerful and robust frame of body, and a strength of constitution capable of supporting a vast degree of fatigue and privation, he evinces a natural bias towards dangerous and hazardous enterprises. All these qualities are now in their fullest vigour, as the Emperor is but in his thirty-sixth year. His character is particularly marked by a love of truth in all he says, and a scrupulous desire to fulfil all his promises—a matter of no small difficulty in a prince, and especially in one so circumstanced. The strength and steadiness of his judgment are upon the whole questionable, as many events of his past life, as well as the sequel of this Narrative, will, I think, demonstrate. The defective mode of his education will, however, account for much of this. He has never been habituated to reading, and, in consequence, his knowledge of mankind must have been derived only from those who have surrounded him. It would be too trite a subject to point out the almost necessarily erroneous views he must entertain of mankind on some points, and his total ignorance in others, while courtiers were his principal companions and instructors. The absence, too, of a judicious controul over his conduct in early youth is too evidently seen in his present deportment. He is subject to sudden impulses generally, and sometimes yields to the most violent ebullitions of temper, under the influence of which he gives prompt utterance to whatever notion sways him at the time, with little delicacy or regard to the feelings of his most attached friends or dependents. Such conduct, in too many cases, produces coolness of zeal in his service, and, in others, entire alienation. It must, however, in justice be added, that his extreme generosity serves in no small degree to lessen the bad effects so mischievous a habit infallibly produces.

"It will readily be perceived, after these remarks, that the Emperor is not distinguished for that princely dignity of deportment which has so powerful an effect in swaying the minds of men. On the contrary, his conversation partakes at all times of the perfectly plain and familiar, unmarked by any pretence to, or effort of, refinement; it is, however, essentially decorous. He would no more permit himself the use of a licentious expression than he would tolerate it in others.

"In his domestic relations his conduct is not merely unexceptionable; it is admirable. His affectionate attention to every the slightest wish of the Empress, and his devoted attachment to his children, are generally well known. Of the Empress, as I have already observed, report speaks in very high terms of praise. She possesses an excellent understanding, and great liberality of sentiment. Her opinions are said to have great weight with her imperial lord; and much were it to be desired they could be more frequently appealed to, in order to neutralize or destroy the evil suggestions of his mischievous and selfish counsellors, which may eventually, it is to be feared, prove fatally injurious to their too-confiding master. It is an evidence of no small generosity of feeling in the Emperor, that, in speaking of Dom Miguel, he

never uses any epithet denoting reprobation or strong hostility. His usual expression is simply *Mon frère*. Of the King of Spain, in like manner, he speaks as '*Mon oncle*.'

"With regard to his religion, the Emperor is honestly and conscientiously a Roman Catholic; at the same time he appears thoroughly convinced of the gross abuses of the Catholic church in Portugal; and should his daughter's government, under his direction, become ultimately established in the country, it may with certainty be anticipated that the church reform will be no less searching and effective than the state reform; and, in a word, that the interval between the present despotism of the government and the constitutional form with which he is applying his best energies to replace it, is not wider than that which will be between the present compound of delusion, fraud, and extortion, engrafted on the church of Portugal, and the same church after his purification of it shall have taken place.

"I have already referred to the early hours and active habits of the Emperor: I must also notice his extreme temperance. He never takes wine; water is his usual beverage—even coffee he abstains from. Health, the most vigorous and uninterrupted, is the almost necessary consequence of his mode of living. His strength of muscle is very considerable, and he takes no small delight in lifting and carrying heavy weights, and performing other similar feats, to prove his bodily powers.

"But amidst all his admirable qualities, his high natural sense of justice, his hatred of oppression, his liberal sentiments, and his general benevolence, I am compelled to acknowledge that there is one opposite characteristic, which detracts much from the value of them all—I mean a commixture of vanity."

*Marquis of Palmella.*

"One fact is worth a thousand conjectures or assertions. The Marquis of Palmella, by his fidelity to the constitutional interests of his country, has lost fortune and influence,—nay, has almost sacrificed the means of subsistence for himself and a numerous family. I should not, however, be pursuing the course of an impartial recorder, were I not to admit that the Marquis has been by many persons held to be deficient in that degree of energy required for an efficient part during a great national crisis. A strong and determined self-reliance, and a vigorous assertion of his own superiority, however called for by the arduous position in which he was placed, were perhaps rendered peculiarly difficult of exercise in his case by those habits of amenity and gentle deportment acquired by him in the diplomatic circles where he had so long figured. Under the continued influence of those amiable habits, he was unfortunately too reluctant to assume the altered tone and bearing which were demanded in order to repress the efforts of those intriguers who beset his path. That kind of modesty cannot be wholly sympathized with, which, under any circumstances, allows inferior minds to take the lead, when a great principle, or the vital interests of a whole people, are at stake.

"It has been said by Talleyrand, that Palmella's greatest misfortune is that of his having been born the member of a small state; for that if he had been a native of England or France, he would have attained extensive influence by the ingenuity of designs which would then have had a full and fair field for development.

"It was not till the 9th February (the day before our sailing) that the Marquis was able to join us on board the frigate. There he seemed, as regarded his own countrymen, to stand alone, and to have no friend or partisan among the Emperor's suite—he, who was the only mastermind of them all. The first day, the Emperor's coldness and indifference to him were visible

to every one. He was seated opposite to his Majesty at dinner, yet hardly a word passed between them. The Marquis partook, however, in such general conversation as occurred. On this, as on subsequent occasions, the Emperor addressed himself principally to his doctor, confessor, or chamberlain, with whom he at all times and seasons threw off all reserve: indeed, I was often surprised at the familiarity, even to practical jokes, which he was pleased to exercise towards them. \* \* \*

"Of the public qualifications of the Marquis of Palmella, I have already ventured to express some opinion. From the known tenour of the political views antecedently manifested by that accomplished individual, considerable surprise was excited in the minds of those versed in Portuguese politics, by finding his name, as minister for foreign affairs, associated with the *Mouvement* party, as it was and is called. This surprise was augmented by the recollection of the Emperor's personal coldness towards him. But the true explanation of the mystery was to be found in the fact, that the well-merited consideration he was held in by all foreign powers, rendered him indispensable as a partner in any ministry that might be formed by Dom Pedro at that juncture;—negotiation was all but impracticable without him. This is no hypothetical assertion; it is a truth which experience has demonstrated, and which every day of political struggle in the Peninsula will probably go further to establish. It should not have been forgotten, too, on the occasion to which I allude, that the Marquis had been for nearly three years the established President of the Regency of the Azores; and that he had on the side of his claims the Count de Villa Flor, a tried and faithful officer at the head of the army, and next in importance to himself in the Government of that Regency. Moreover, the great sacrifices which the Marquis had made (and to which I have before alluded), in support of the cause of the young Queen, afforded the most ample assurance as to the sincerity of his zeal; and I do fully believe that he had, and has it at heart, to emancipate his country from the existing slavery, and to restore her to that rank, in relation to other nations, for which it is his duty, as a statesman and a Portuguese, to labour. But the sacrifices made, and the good intentions cherished by the Marquis, would have had, there is little reason to doubt, a far more beneficial effect for his country, if he had firmly declined, as he declared he would, taking office with any other persons than those whom he might himself be allowed to name. A course of this independent nature might have been taken by him without fear of the Emperor's power to resist it. Palmella, both called on and entitled to be firm in the assertion of his own plans and wishes, by his necessary conviction of Dom Pedro's incapacity (through his long absence from Portugal) to decide on the persons most fitted to be his guides in the difficult and precarious course before him."

*Count de Villa Flor.*

"The Count de Villa Flor, who during the revolutionary movements in Portugal, has so often appeared on the political scene, with honour to himself and benefit to the Constitutional rights of his country, is now about forty-six years of age, and full of health and active energy. He possesses a gentlemanly and prepossessing appearance, in happy accordance with the frankness and amiability of his manners and habits, which are such as to render him a general favourite in social life. To his milder virtues he adds the merit, or the qualification, of being personally brave; and he is totally exempt from the prominent national failing—a pernicious tendency to intrigue. I am aware that his pretensions to the exercise of a command-in-chief have been disputed; and

yet, in all that he undertook—in his former struggles with the Marquis de Chaves, and in his later proceedings in the Azores—he has been triumphantly successful: there he had no superior authority to control him, or to dissent from his plans; there he was supreme chief, military and civil: he was free from the interposition of men ignorant (with a solitary exception) of the ordinary rules of Government, and only capable of impeding the execution of measures by their pompous mandates and their conflicting intrigues. The inclination to doubt his talents for command has been unfairly derived from his subsequent career, in which he did not enjoy the same fortunate exemption from interference with his designs and acts."

#### Silveira.

"Of the individuals forming the cabinet, Senhor Mouzinho Silveira merits particular commendation, for his sound and salutary attachment to constitutional liberty. Equally moderate and consistent, he pursued the middle course between republicanism and what are termed in England conservative principles. Possessed of large property in Portugal, he had not shrunk from sacrificing it for the independence of his country."

#### Xavier.

"Candido José Xavier is a wily, intriguing courtier, and therefore no favourable specimen of the Portuguese or any other national character. In spite of a forbidding personal appearance, an awkward gait, and the absence of conversational talent; in spite, too, of the want of recommendation as to birth, he has had the dexterity to acquire a complete ascendancy over the Emperor's mind—an ascendancy to which may unfortunately be attributed not only the dissatisfaction which has so extensively prevailed among the foreign troops engaged in the cause, but the failure of the principal objects of the expedition itself. Xavier joined the French army during the war of independence, and fought against the freedom of his country, for which offence the sentence of death remains suspended over him. In what light he is regarded by his countrymen generally, it is hardly necessary to say; yet he has his own particular followers and creatures, owing to his position with Dom Pedro, whose infatuation in the behalf of such a man can hardly be too much deplored. The dread, too, of his implacable character may have the effect of silencing, in some degree, the opposition which must be felt towards him. Knowing as well the good as the weak points in the Emperor's disposition, he dares not approach him openly with the object of an intrigue, but has recourse, on such occasions, to some of his crafty underlings. Of these, the most ready is Dom Pedro's first valet de chambre, a man named Carlot, who had in the Brazils been his groom, and whose brother was accused as the assassin of the late Marquis de Loulé. The son of that nobleman (who is likewise the emperor's brother-in-law) has consequently the daily mortification of beholding the brother of his own father's reputed murderer figuring as one of the most favoured individuals about the person of the Emperor, in whose suite he now also occupies the rank of lieutenant. To show the familiar footing on which this man is regarded, it may be mentioned as the daily custom of the Emperor to give him audience in his bed-chamber, after he is dressed, and also occasionally to enter his apartments and converse with him. Such opportunities of free access are not lost sight of by Xavier, who has only to instruct this man to approach the Emperor and 'rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,' when there is any one from whom the imperial confidence is to be withdrawn."

#### Freire.

"The chief co-operator in Xavier's designs was Agostinho José Freire. He held the rank

of major in the Portuguese army, and had served in the quarter-master-general's department with that accomplished and enterprising officer, Major-General Sir B. d'Urban, under Marshal Beresford. As to his capabilities as a soldier, I have never heard any attributed to him, whether moral or physical. Some accomplishments he possesses, and a more than usual fluency of speech, which gained him the credit of eloquence in the Cortes at Lisbon, of which he was president. In that assembly he supported the principal popular measures, far more, as it is insinuated, from a thirst for personal distinction, than from a just regard for the popular interests. His antipathy to everything British, on what ground it would be difficult to say, has been strongly marked. \* \* \*

"I must designate him as a wild theorist, afflicted with the dangerous blindness of self-love, to the extent of supposing himself in legislative wisdom a Pombal, and in eloquence a Demosthenes, and therefore incapable (with all his tendency to change) of liberating himself from his own prejudices. Having no fortune, or 'vested interest' (to borrow an expressive, but often-perverted term) in his native country, he has everything to gain and nothing to lose by his political speculations. His bustling disposition, unaided by sufficient powers of intellect for its proper guidance, renders him one of the last men who should have been called to the councils of a prince so unsteady in his purpose as Dom Pedro. In spite of his exalted notions of his own separate importance, he was throughout a puppet in the hands of Candido Xavier."

#### Saldanha.

"General Saldanha is an amiable and well-intentioned man, warmly devoted to the liberties and happiness of his country, and equally so to the acquisition of popularity and military distinction. While he has succeeded in making himself beloved by the soldiery and many of the officers, he has not escaped from the misleading influence of the snares of a designing party. For those acts of his political life which seem to challenge censure, it is but charitable to offer this excuse; for it would certainly be worse than harsh to impute them to sinister intentions. He has a field yet before him, where his country is willing to accord to him the opportunity of retrieving these defects, and establishing reputation. Ere he can do this, however, he must cease to lend himself as the focus of concentration for faction and discontent; he must discard individual animosities, or he will never conduce to the general good."

#### Padre Marcos.

"The spiritual part of the padre's calling seems, however, to be that for which nature has least of all predisposed him. His zeal leans towards the temporal functions of courtier and confessor. For these his external indications of frankness and good-nature are as opportune as his inward fund of subtlety—forming together a happy intermixture of the dove and the serpent; and he thus invites approach and confidence with better success than would a person more obviously designing. Possessed of no marked powers of mind, he has yet been able, through the petty dexterities of flattery, and the gradual force of habit, to acquire a certain influence with the Emperor, and so to become a useful second to the wily Candido Xavier."

These little personal sketches will give the reader a favourable impression of the political integrity with which the work is written; and for which we commended Col. Hodges in our first notice.

"Candido Xavier himself received in the first instance the offer of the portfolio of the war department. He however, declined it, with a very sagacious consciousness, that by remaining in the position of first aide-de-camp to the Emperor, he should enjoy more real influence behind the scenes, and be better able to direct the machinery of affairs."

#### Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public. London: Effingham Wilson.

THERE is an affectation in the title, and an obscurity in the style of this book, which are somewhat repellant at first; but the book is worth reading, and its subject is worth consideration. If the public be really deprived of the instructive and entertaining powers of men of genius by means of any unfair interposition between talent and publicity, and if men of genius, but for this barrier, would receive a due reward for their labours and fitting honours for their ability, then it becomes at once the interest of the public, and of men of genius too, that all interruption should be forthwith removed, so that talent may have its deserved recompense, and the public be no longer deprived of the glories which should embellish, and the lights which should guide it. Our author, we fear, is in a passion; for he begins his book with what he calls a "Statement of facts," and the first fact which he states is an astounding one, viz. "A common stone meets with more ready patronage than a man of genius." Well, let us grant this for the sake of argument—what then? Our next inquiry is, who is in fault? The public, who are indifferent to genius—or the barrier which prevents the public from becoming acquainted with the existence of genius? Now, if the public sets its face against genius, we cannot see any reason for finding fault with any barrier that keeps genius from publicity. In the earlier pages the author seems to lay all the blame on the public. "In vain," says he, "as relates to his own advantage, has a man made the most important discoveries in science: on the contrary, his reward has always been profusely paid in persecution, and the current coin of calumny or ridicule."

As he proceeds, however, the barrier develops itself, and it consists of booksellers' readers, theatrical managers, musical directors, and royal academicians,—so that literature, the drama, musical compositions, and pictures, have not fair play with the public, by means of the intervention of this barrier. We believe that there may be some truth in some of the statements, but we know that there is a great deal of passion in them all.

In the section entitled "Anatomy of false Oracles," he falls foul of booksellers' readers with a most tremendous vituperation, seeming to hate them as heartily as Vivian Grey did ushers.

"Men of genius who are in obscurity are required to come forward and prove their claims! And why they do not obey the call we will answer demonstratively."

"They can no more rise to notice than a sapling oak can get through a city pavement. There is a false medium between their hopes and a fair hearing: there is a barrier between an Author's heart and the Public, be his work of what merit soever, which nothing but an accidental contingency, of wealth, rank, interest, &c., can surmount. Sometimes, not even these, unless exercised to the highest degree. There is a regular, common-place turnpike to the first step on the high road of Fame, the only toll for which is mediocrity. There is a 'Secret in all trades'—a 'Skeleton in every house'—and every publisher has—his Reader! Invisible behind his employer's arras, the author's unknown, unsuspected enemy, works to the sure discomfiture of all original ability. This is the fool in the dark, who knows not what he mars! He is

sometimes the knave; in which case the publisher is made the unconscious fool; but, in either case, the author is the victim."

The following description of a publisher's reader is amusing:

"A publisher's Reader is of the worst order of all bad critics possible. He judges of everything by its faults; which is an ignorant proceeding, even if what he pronounces the faults really were such. He either does not know that there must be chaff in every field of corn, or else he must consider the corn as an illegitimate admixture. To speak definitely, he never looks for anything but chaff; and in this one instance, he certainly does succeed, for it is the only thing he understands. But he does not understand men of genius, or the public. He understands his employer's true interest just as little. He is thoroughly in the dark as to what is 'wanted'—what will 'take'—what will 'sell.' He never has been right yet upon any fair question of single, unaided opinion. He does not know that the heart of man contains all the first springs of action, and, consequently, that its strong and well-directed emanations must be felt by all who give fair play to the nature within them. The public commonly do this. He does not know that mankind are excited more through this true medium, than by all the verbal logic that ever was generated upon any system whatever. He never can know what will produce excitement, because there is none in his own breast. He has not a single pulse of that energy, 'without which, judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert.' He strait-waistcoats sensation—which everybody understands by instinct—and puts on his spectacles—which the general public do not. He sees through a false medium: the public see through a true medium. By an apt association of ideas, he looks upward to the blank ceiling with spontaneous face, to consider how Elliott's 'Corn Law Rhymes' came to succeed, now that poetry is not in the least 'the taste of the day'! He shakes his head at the English Opium Eater, and for the life of him cannot, even now, account for its prodigious success, except by our reasoning. It was felt like the first finding of an elixir to renew the delicious dreams of youth, and all its vague and portentous imaginations. Several young men nearly died of the seductive draught at the same period, referring to the book as the instigation. A Reader would never have recommended it for publication—"so wild, so extraordinary, so unheard-of a mass of wonders, and all told as facts!" But with a precedent, he certainly had a partial opinion about the subsequent 'Confessions of a Glutton'; being aided in his favourable decision by its vulgar inferiority. He would not know, if we suffered him to be asked (however he might fear it) whether this Exposition would succeed; although it contains the manifest elements of popularity. He is a greater fool than the writer. A Reader believes himself a profoundly wise man, notwithstanding his misgivings are fearfully excited upon all personal occasions. He stabs in the abstraction of the dark; he is slain the moment he issues, or is dragged, from his hole."

This is but a specimen, a mild specimen, of our author's eloquence, and yet he says that he is not a disappointed author.

In the section on "The Drama," there is a good anecdote, and well told:—

"The chief trick of malice, however, in the actors, is the following, which has been kept hitherto, a close masonic secret among the elect, never admitted in words even among themselves. When a new actor or singer, whose damnation is particularly desired, is about to make his most effective point, he is manœuvred up the back of the stage, either by the previous actions of the others, or else by the private by-play

stepping back of the one he is immediately associated with in the scene; so that, at the climax, his voice is lost among the side-wings and lofty flies, and the next speaker or singer instantly taking up his part, before the applause can even have a chance of beginning, the said climax, upon which perhaps so much study had been bestowed and so many hopes built, passes off as nothing; and in this manner he is foiled and disheartened two or three times, which are generally quite sufficient. We recently saw an actor invidiously try this trick upon Kean, in order to take advantage of the physical weakness which would have rendered his intended point less than ineffective; but cleverly as the gradual retreat was covered with by-play, the old stager saw through it in a moment, and with all the spirit and decision of genius, turned it into an advantage. Instead of the passion bursting forth on the spot to which he had been unavoidably drawn, he rushed upon the manœuvrer, dragged him down the stage to the very lamps, and then made his point. The public were electrified!—the gentlemen of the press thought it a preconcerted thing. But a 'debutant' would not have been aware of the well-acted design; or, if he had, would not have dared to meet it in the same way. The ill-natured custom, also, of not looking at a 'debutant,' and thus superseding or preventing his by-play; marring him in his points, or cutting him out of them by hastily taking up their own right, or wrong, cue; for it may be done both ways; putting him out and throwing him off his guard by unconcerned crossings, wrong entrances or exits, and actions not previously used at rehearsals; and not countenancing him when acting to them, or else out-facing him in an arrogant or contemptuous manner,—are also among the choice instances of histrionic charity and brotherly love."

The remedy proposed for these evils is a kind of association, or joint stock company; but if the public does not care about genius, we cannot see how it can be expected that the public will take the trouble to form new plans to foster it. We should like to see the subject calmly, rationally, and logically treated;—but reformers must not content themselves with declamation.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Mémoires de la Reine Hortense, aujourd'hui Duchesse de Saint-Leu.* [*Memoirs of Queen Hortense, now Duchess of St. Leu.*] Recueillis et publiés par Le Baron W. F. Van Scheelten.'—We have already sufficiently exposed the manner in which French historical memoirs are got up. Of the present we need only say that they have been disavowed by the Duchess of St. Leu. Who the Baron W. F. Van Scheelten is, or whether there be such a man in existence, we know not: this much, however, is certain, that if there be such a person, he is a mere man of straw. There are, however, some anecdotes in these volumes culled from other works, which, although they are well known to us, and will be to most reading men, may be new to some of our readers. To the latter these fictitious memoirs, which are light, and not ungracefully written, may serve to kill a tedious hour.

'*Sharpe's Peevage of the British Empire.*'—These are two very handsome, and, what is better, useful volumes: the arms are clearly engraved on wood by Williams, and are the best things of the kind we have seen; and the whole is printed with even more than his usual neatness, by Whittingham, of Chiswick. The letter-press contains much more information than we commonly find in similar works: the titles are arranged alphabetically, so that an index is not needed: the origin and history of each family

is traced with diligence, and fully displayed; and every separate article is preceded by the coat of arms, drawn and engraved with the taste of an artist, so that all that is required to be known, can be seen at a glance.

'*Tribute to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott;* by the Rev. J. M'Vicker, D.D.'—When it was told in New York that Sir Walter Scott was dead, and the people of Scotland were about to erect a monument to his memory, the citizens held a meeting, and commenced a subscription, for the purpose of raising a monument to him in their own city: it was on this occasion that Mr. M'Vicker delivered the speech, of which we can give but a short account. Orations of this kind require to be warm, and perhaps a little enthusiastic in language; and our reverend friend is both warm and enthusiastic. He praises the works, and praises the life of Sir Walter; and there have been few lives or works so excellent and blameless.

'*A Poem on the Meditation of Nature;* by Park Benjamin.'—This poem was spoken, September 26th, 1832, before the Association of the Alumni of Washington College. Works of this kind are best exhibited in specimens: the following passage has its merits:—

Of Nature's pure philosophy I sing;  
And my entire devotion and the flame  
Of quenchless love upon her altar fling;  
For she has ever been to me the same  
Unchanging parent, generous and kind;  
And all its better nourishment my mind  
Draws from her bosom, and my heart would be  
Cold as an iceberg of the northern sea,  
If, when I gaze on her undying forms,  
I did not speak the gratitude which warms  
The flowing water of its deepest fountains.  
Her quiet vales and her majestic mountains,  
Her angry seas, that struggle with the wrath  
Of the fierce tempest, rushing from the sky  
To rend the earth in his destructive path,  
Or flash revenge from his dark shrouded eye,—  
Her still lakes, sleeping in the starlight beams,  
Her warring cataracts, her peaceful streams,  
The boundless prairie where the eagle soars,  
The solemn grandeur of her ancient woods,  
The haggard rocks that guard her bending shores,  
Her green retreats and leafy solitudes,  
All fill my soul with reverential awe;  
For everywhere I read the changeless law  
That tells its immortality, and learn  
Lessons of wisdom, purer than the deep  
And strangely-wrought philosophies, that burn  
And waste the spirit, when subduing sleep  
Should lull the wearied senses, and the brain  
Form golden visions to relieve the pain  
Of ceaseless thought, which, ere youth's roses bloom,  
Oft strews their blossoms on an early tomb.

'*Demetrius, and other Poems;* by Agnes Strickland.'—This is a legendary tale of Greece and her struggle for freedom with the Moslem. There is true love and true heroism in it, and some pleasing poetry; yet we prefer the poetess when it is her pleasure to choose a humbler theme, and write it briefly. The following is to our taste:—

Joy! we search for thee in vain  
In the monarch's gilded train;  
In the mask's fantastic crowd,  
Or the revels of the proud;  
In the camp or festive hall,  
At the rout or midnight ball;  
There thy counterfeits abound,  
But thyself art seldom found.

Nor art thou in pleasure's throng,  
Though the laugh be loud and long,  
And the wine-cup sparkle brightest,  
And the voice of glee sound lightest,  
Where the sons of mirth and folly  
Drown all feelings pure and holy;  
Yet they cannot banish care—  
Joy! thy spirit is not there.

Hand in hand with Peace and Love  
Thou descended'st from above;  
Thou art of celestial birth,  
Though a sojourner on earth;  
And from earthly dross refined,  
Savour'st still of angel kind.

Thou in all that's pure and fair  
Dost delight, O Joy! to share;  
Thou art in the grateful flowers  
When they drink soft evening showers—  
In the blithe lark's matin lay,  
When he greets the rising day—



In creation's vesper song,  
Warbling with the winged throng—  
In the unseen cuckoo's voice,  
Shouting to the woods, "Rejoice!"

Thou art on the dewy lawn,  
Sporting with the lamb and fawn,  
And joining in the frolic play  
Of childhood's happy holiday,  
When, from toils and tasks set free,  
All its accents breathe of thee.

Thou the homeward bark dost greet,  
Thou art near when lovers meet—  
In the glances that reveal  
All that hearts responsive feel;  
And when faithful hands unite,  
Thou art mingling in the plight;

But delight'st all scenes above  
In the home of wedded love:  
Thou art in the mother's breast  
When she sings her babe to rest;

In the infant's smiling eye,  
When he wakes and sees her nigh;  
In all that's lovely, sweet, and holy—  
Thou art e'en in melancholy—  
Glistening in the hallow'd tear  
Affection sheds o'er virtue's bier:

But thou art divinest when,  
Touched with sorrow, erring men  
From their crimes repentant turn,  
And with rapt devotion burn;

Then, oh, Joy! thou'rt felt in heaven  
By angels over souls forgiven.

'*Flowers of the East*; by Ebenezer Pocock.'—  
These Flowers are accompanied by a dissertation on the Poetry and Music of the East, which shows considerable knowledge of the subject, and a taste for the beauties of oriental verse. The description of the eastern instruments of music is interesting.—Of the poetry, the introduction to the '*Khanjaruh*' will suffice as a specimen:—

Alas! poor child of Poesy,  
Young trembler!—that no pitying eye  
Will deign to view with kindly ray  
The sorrows of thine early day!

'Tis that thy princely sires of old,  
While feasting in their halls of gold,  
Have squander'd all thy jewell'd store,  
And left thee orphanage so poor,

That though a crown in name be thine,  
Gemless its bauble-form doth shine;—  
For as thy bardic fathers fell  
To deathless slumber, in the dell  
Of ages, o'er their laurel'd brow,  
They will'd their brightest gems to glow,

Till the last jewel of the crown  
Hath from the regal orphan flown!  
—Where are the festive garlands, wove  
By thy fair hands, immortal Love,  
To breathe their fragrance o'er the lyre,  
Whence from thy touch, oh mighty sire,  
We'll'd forth such royal harmony;

That those rich strains may never die?  
Oh, where the chords, that o'er the night  
Of time, shed music as the light!  
Well, plunder'd of thine heritage,  
Go, wander forth—thy tender age—  
Thine high descent—thy tear gem'd eye,  
May win thee Pity's monarchy;

Or take thy slender lute in hand  
And wander to a foreign land.  
Perchance, some "pearl blest orient shore"  
May swell thine early treasure's store;  
That thou returned, once more mayst stand  
In wealth of song, upon the land  
That gave thy poet-sires their birth,  
The noblest royalty on earth!

'*Songs of Switzerland*; by Henry Brandreth.'—  
This is a very little and a very pretty volume, and contains some seven and twenty very pretty songs. It is just such a book as the ploughman of the north puts in his waistcoat pocket when he goes to turn the furrows, when the lark in the air, and himself on the lea, have all the music to themselves. We are not without hope of hearing a voice which we love employed, much to our pleasure, on

#### The Alpine Streams.

The Alpine streams, the Alpine streams,  
When winds and waters strive,  
And tempests dark, mid lightning gleams,  
O'er fell and forest drive!

Some love the rippling stream that sweet  
Meanders through the ice;  
I love the torrent wild to meet—  
The Alpine stream for me!

The budding bowers, the fragrant flowers  
Are beautiful and bright,  
And beautiful the ivied towers  
In summer's parting light;

Nor void of beauty is the stream  
Where summer fountains play;  
But far more beautiful I deem  
The winter torrent's spray.

The Alpine streams, the Alpine streams,  
Mid pine-clad mountains dwell,  
Nor ask they summer's sunny beams  
To aid their awful spell.

Oh, they may be the dark, the wild,  
But are they not the free!  
And kin they not with freedom's child?—  
The Alpine stream for me!

'*Tales for an English Home*; by G. M. Sterne.'—  
There are six tales in this little volume; and though the language here and there is too lofty for our taste, there are natural passages and incidents, and traits of manners, which will go far to put the work in the way of a second reading.

'*Readings for Sunday Evenings*.'—This is a book more to our mind than many published for the use of those who still think that devout feeling is not unbecoming on the Sabbath evenings. The work consists of some six and thirty extracts from the exhortations of the most eloquent of English and Scottish divines on this important subject: the selections are made with care, and, we may say, with prudence: there is nothing over rigid and over zealous here—all is wise, and rational, and conformable to Scripture.

'*Insects and their Habitations*;' a Book for Children.' There is nothing new in this pretty little compilation: it will, however, be acceptable to children, for it is agreeably written, and embellished with numerous cuts, natural enough, though sometimes a little clumsy.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### VISIT TO THE FALKLAND ISLES.

[The following interesting narrative is from the pen of an officer who sailed with the *Tyne* sloop of war, when Captain Hope was ordered, with Captain Onslow, of the *Clio*, to take possession of the Falkland Isles.—The true position and extent of these seldom-visited isles were ascertained by Commodore Byron in 1765: Captain Macbride followed two years afterwards, and laid down the isles in a chart with so much accuracy, that no succeeding visitor has been able to improve it. In 1763, when the French lost Canada, they turned their attention to these islands, and Bougainville has given us very ample details concerning the soil, the produce, and the climate. Though not barren, these isles have not yet tempted even the savages to form a settlement: the account rendered by our observing correspondent seems more favourable than that of either Byron or Bougainville.]

THE British government having determined on re-occupying the Falkland Isles, evacuated in 1774, the *Clio*, eighteen, Captain Onslow, sailed from Rio Janeiro, Nov. 29, for that purpose, and was followed by the *Tyne*, twenty-eight, Captain Charles Hope, on the 18th of December. On the 5th of January we sighted the mainland of West Falkland, distant fifteen miles, and on the 7th arrived off Port Egmont, its principal harbour: but, the weather being so hazy as to prevent our making clearly out the leading points to the anchorage, Lieutenant — was dispatched in the jolly boat with a midshipman, six men, and three days' provisions, to ascertain these particulars, the ship remaining outside until his return. A gale, however, which came on that evening, forced us some distance to sea, and we did not regain the port before the 10th, when the clearness of the weather enabled us to steer boldly in, passing between Edgcomb Island on our left, and Saunders Island on our right, both rising into irregular hilly ridges, about 600 feet, with bare dusky rocks projecting out here and there on their surface; the whole destitute of trees or bushes except a narrow belt of furze bordering at intervals the tops of the sea cliffs, and exhibiting as brown and withered an aspect as the fields in the depth of an English winter. On nearing the anchorage, we observed to our great delight a four-oared whale-boat pulling out, with Lieutenant — waving his hat on the stern.

In a few minutes he arrived on board, and gave us the following narrative of his three days' adventures:—On leaving the *Tyne*, he pushed on, rowing and sailing, for two small, low, rocky islands, then in view a-head, all hands getting thoroughly soaked with the sea spray and the rain which fell towards sunset: having got under shelter of an island, the boat was beached, and, converting her spars and sails into a tent, they secured for themselves a tolerable accommodation for the night. With a pistol flash a fire was now lighted, which, heaped with heath and turf, soon diffused a general warmth around, enabling them thus to dry their dripping clothes, and to turn to an excellent supper with a still more excellent appetite; for, in addition to the usual ship's fare, the crew had contrived to knock down four fat geese, which being hastily plucked and boiled, were forthwith served up in the saucepan lid, flanked by a piece of pickled pork by way of garnish; and the grog being good, and the cigars abundant, the minutes glided smoothly away, until it was time to prepare the bed. This consisted of tufts of red-berried heath, strewn over the tent-floor, upon which all, crowding close together under the cover of their pea-jackets and boat-cloaks, slept soundly till morning. At daylight, Lieutenant — ascended the highest hill, and descried a schooner in a bay on the mainland, towards which the boat was now steered. At nine they reached the vessel, which proved to be the *Courier*, of Stonington, on a sealing voyage, aboard which this sudden appearance of an armed party excited no little apprehension, dreading either a war with England, or that the boat belonged to the Buenos Ayreans, resident at East Falkland, who had captured so many Americans the preceding year. Neither did the story told by those in the boat tend to lighten their apprehensions; for a report being prevalent at Rio, that a Buenos Ayrean garrison occupied Port Egmont, Captain Hope prudently ordered Lieutenant — to say we were direct from England, on our way round Cape Horn; but, some of the boat's crew letting out that we were direct from Rio, a still greater alarm was thereby created. Notwithstanding all this, nothing could exceed the kindness of Captain Burnham and every one on board the schooner to the guests thus suddenly thrown upon their hospitality. The Americans treated the British like brethren, and Captain Burnham immediately sailed for Port Egmont, at great inconvenience, with a view of remaining there until the *Tyne's* arrival, which he purposed cruising in search of, had we not made our appearance that morning. This is as it should be, and will be, between children of the same family, if interested knaves and babbling mischief-makers will but let nature take her course: family feuds, though the fiercest, only requiring forbearance, and the medium of a few kind words, to revive those natural ties and natural feelings, which, though for a time smothered, can never be destroyed. Besides what I have stated, Captain Burnham every morning put a whale-boat and four men at Lieutenant —'s disposal, with which he rowed to Edgcomb Island, passing the day there on its highest hill, watching the approach of the *Tyne*. In this excursion he was always accompanied by the second officer of the schooner, one of "The Elliots, stout and bold," born among the dells of Massachusetts, a well-informed man, a lover of literature, and an aspirant in poetry to boot.

It was their practice, on the pinnacle of this bleak mountain, to beguile the daylight hours by sporting with their fowling-pieces, or reading aloud, by turns, the beautiful tale of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' which the young officer chanced to possess among other gems in his small library. In these shooting excursions, none of the wiles practised in approaching game in England were requisite, the birds being so

fearless of man as to remain feeding, or pluming their feathers, until they could almost be kicked over with the foot. On one of these field days a black falcon, hovering over them, having made several stoops within a foot of their heads, as if disposed to truss one of the party, was consequently shot in self-defence; but, while fluttering at their feet, a glance, a few paces onwards, pointed to the cause of his hostility—his dusky mate was couched quietly on her eggs, under the canopy of a projecting rock. The gallant bird, now before them, never having been taught to fear such an adversary as man, moved not one inch from her charge; but sat, bristling up her feathers, and menacing with her beak, as they attempted to push her from her nest, which was done with the butt of the fowling-piece. Furious at this, she forthwith attacked them with beak, talons, and wings, when one of the men struck her lifeless with a stretcher. As the *Tyne* neared the shore, the English union jack was observed waving from a flag-staff upon Saunders's Island, to our right, placed there by Captain Onslow of the *Clio*; and, passing this, we anchored a quarter of a mile from the shore, and within a short half-musket shot of our American brother. As we approached our station, myriads of sea fowl came skimming and screaming around, as if to hail the unfurling of the British flag among them; some were so bold as to dart fearlessly through between our masts, almost within boat-hook reach, and others so impudent as to shower upon several of us no very enviable honours. At noon we hoisted the royal standard at the main, and fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns in honour of the British flag on the island; and, at four, the captain of the schooner came on board to dine, a tall, intelligent man, with a fine Edward Irving cast of face, and a long flowing fleece of dark curling hair, similar to that of the reverend gentleman. This he told me was his first voyage as a captain, having been out fifteen months, and procured 1600 fur seal skins during that period, chiefly from the west coasts of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. This he considered a good voyage: the skins bringing from five to sixteen dollars each in the American market, according to size and quality, the average being ten dollars, nearly double their value five years ago, in consequence of their increasing scarcity. Two species of seals were described by him as inhabiting the high latitudes of the southern ocean: the fur seal, valuable only for its skin, and the common seal chiefly for its oil; the former frequenting the tide-washed rocks, destitute of grass or weed, and the latter chiefly herbaceous shores. Formerly, the fur seal skins were sent to China, but now all are retained for the American market, on account of its higher prices. Fifteen individuals composed the crew of the schooner, who received no wages, all being paid by shares of the proceeds, similar to the crews of the whalers: small vessels, like the *Courier*, fit this trade best, from the necessity of searching closely all the shallow shores, and of prying into every creek—the town of Stonington, in Massachusetts, monopolizing the greater portion of this fishery, which had raised it from obscurity and poverty to consideration and wealth.

As soon as circumstances admitted, I proceeded on shore, to examine the island (Saunders's), accompanied by a number of our gentlemen bound on a shooting excursion; the boat landing us in a small rocky bay, abreast of the anchorage, into which a rill of fresh water discharged itself. Observing a fire under one of the sea cliffs, I walked towards it, and found there two of the schooner's crew boiling seal oil for the use of the vessel, using the turf and the refuse of the blubber for fuel. The desolateness of the place, the semi-subterranean situation, and the whirling gusts of smoke and flame gushing from under the rocky canopy, all contributed to give it a

very picturesque look; the men, while writhing about with their grim faces and ash powdered hair, stirring their cauldron amid curling smoke, like the scullions of Pluto stewing down a dish of the damned for the supper of their infernal master. The sea cliffs here were of thin softish slate, some of them very high and abrupt, with projecting ledges, and dappled with roosting sea fowl, whom no annoyance short of knocking over with a stone could discompose. At the bottom of the bay was a smooth patch of green sward, artificially levelled and divided into narrow longitudinal slips by partitions of slate, which we all set down at first to be one of the old English gardens; but its being evidently washed by the sea spray in high winds, rendered this improbable; the more apparent use for which it was intended being to stretch and dry skins, several now undergoing that operation upon it. The little rivulet falling into the bay was situated near to this, which, being dammed up at its *embouchure*, afforded a good supply of water to shipping all the year round. I took a refreshing draught of its clear cool waters, edged through the latter part of their course with sedge, cress, and various green creeping plants in full bloom, and which, purling over their bed with a "simmering din," like the pastoral streamlets of my native vale, enchained me for some minutes to the spot, listening to their soft tinkling music as they trilled along. It glided down from the mountain above, through a shallow ravine thickly studded with white-flowering heath, reaching to my shoulders, over the blooms of which, numbers of beautiful birds (of the size and colour of the English blackbird), with red quivering breasts and throats, were hopping, chirping, and fluttering their outspread wings in this sunny recess, with all the airs of a feathered Exquisite. Crossing this ravine, I ascended the highest hill, in order to have a fuller view of the land, and after a walk of little less than an hour, arrived at the desired point.

This island is the seat of the settlement made by the English in 1764, and abandoned ten years after:—its superficies consisting of an irregular ridge of hills and hilly ground towards the north-east, with an undulating flat country towards the south-west; the latter containing trees, and fresh-water lakes overflowing into the ocean in the rainy months, and the former abounding in small springing lagoons, from which fresh-water rills descend toward the sea. Its geological formation comprises (as far as I examined) two species of rock, destitute of any visible animal or vegetable relic; a thin bluish slate (some of it apparently fit for house roofs,) constituting the sea cliff rock and lower portion of the hills, and a hard reddish sandstone the upper part of the latter being of the thickness of an English flagstone, for which purpose, or for building, it seemed to be well adapted. The slate was seldom visible except near the sea; the sand-stone, on the contrary, bulging prominently out, ledge above ledge, toward the apex of the mountains. The surface is universally a loose, dark peat, resting upon clay, shallow on the slopes, and deepening in the more level spots; but unlike the fat doughy-like consistency of Scottish peat, although burning freely and emitting a good heat. The clay sub-soil varies from a light red to a dingy white, and, from its adhesive texture, seems well fitted for bricks and tiles. The surface is everywhere covered with a mat of heath or grass, or a mixture of the two, the latter similar to the loose coarse grass of the Scottish moors, but the former bearing little analogy to the heaths at home, with the exception of the white-flowering variety before spoken of, all being uniformly low and creeping. I counted at least five species, one gemmed with numerous red berries of the size and appearance of small beads, and another growing out into a singular roundish-formed

tuft, from the size of a molehill to that of a haystack, so closely matted as to be penetrated with difficulty by a pointed stick, thrust with all my force. The country exhibited universally a dark or brownish aspect, according as heath or grass prevailed, the latter being almost uniformly withered and sapless whenever exposed to the bleak winds, no symptoms of spring (although now the middle of the southern summer) being perceptible, except on sheltered spots by the sea shore, or where manure had been accidentally dropped. No moss grass ever seen by me at home, could exceed in length of blade or closeness of sward, many of the meadows which I walked over, being so fatiguing to wade through, that I was soon glad to return to the more open parts to pick out a path. Several narrow well puddled roads, like old sheep-walks, were met with in my way, which I afterwards found to be made by the herds of wild hogs, (bred from those left by the English,) now driven to the more distant parts of the island, by the forays of the sailors frequenting Port Egmont. Numerous traces of rabbits were also seen up to the very apex of the highest hill, their browsing excursions seeming to extend only to the highest grounds during summer, sleeping then in the caverns and crevices of the rocks, not a burrow being visible except near the sea. Besides the red-breasted blackbird found in the ravine, a red-billed bird, of the size and appearance of a lark, was seen in sheltered spots, and yellow hammers and greystone chats all over the island, the latter quite adepts in all the little arts practised by some English birds in decoying persons from their young. A pale bluish dove-like bird, twice the size of a thrush, was found in considerable flocks on the low grounds, as also an owl, and three species of falcons, one of a beautifully mottled light grey, yellow legs, with white fan tail, having a broad edging of black at the extremity. It was sitting upon a pointed rock, and showed so little dread as to allow me to reach almost within touching distance with my stick. Rabbits seemed to be its chief food, its nest being close to its roost under the shelter of a cliff, composed of withered heath stems, about three feet in diameter, and just deep enough to prevent the eggs from rolling out.

Having spent a couple of hours in strolling about the island, I now proceeded to the flag-staff and union jack, placed among the ruins of the English settlement, by the *Clio*, towards which, there was a neat foot-path (the work of the old settlers,) from the bay where we landed. The site of this old establishment is upon a sloping ground adjoining a shallow rocky cove, into which a fresh-water rill slowly trickles, the mouth dammed across serving as a reservoir for the inhabitants. On the southern side of the cove is a boat harbour, still tolerably entire, walled in with loose irregular shaped blocks of the slate rock found in the vicinity. It is of a square form, dry at low water, and may contain a dozen moderate-sized boats. The shallowness and badly sheltered site of the cove, with the poverty of the adjoining soil, and the scantiness of the water-stream, render it altogether a very ineligible situation for a chief settlement, however well suited for a subordinate one. The houses, or rather huts, with the walls in ruined heaps, amounting to about a dozen in number, are placed in two rows behind each other fronting the boat harbour. None of the rooms exceed twelve feet in diameter, the walls being of slate-stone cemented with clay, one of a rather superior construction, with sunken brick floor, denoting the residence of the governor. The soil around is of the dark, loose, peaty quality, before described, with the usual clay substratum, formed of the decomposed slate rock; only a few very small patches adjoining the village seem to have been brought into cultivation, so small, indeed, as to have been incapable

of furnishing more than an occasional paltry supply of fresh vegetables to the settlement—a proof of the want of energy either in the governor or the governed, for the soil is found to be well adapted for all gardening purposes. These small patches, however, were covered with as close and luxuriant a crop as I ever witnessed; and had I not particularly compared the flower and the blade, I could not have believed it to be the harsh native grass before spoken of, so much ameliorated in length, in softness, and in juiciness of blade, and of so vivid a green withal, as to furnish a most triumphant example of the wonders that cultivation and manure can perform. The English buttercup and dock, as well as several species of British grasses, wagging their flowing heads in the breeze; but, above all, the fruitful crop of beef bones before the cottage doors, characteristically pointed out John Bull as having once been a sojourner on these dreary shores,—among the various improvements introduced by him into foreign parts, that of good living always being the most prominent. The buttercups are principally seen garlanding with their yellow flowerets the border of a small bright green grass plot, adjoining the streamlet, on which, it may be supposed, the young maidens of the colony were wont to bleach the linen; and none but those who have been some time estranged from their native land are fitted to tell what moving emotions the sight of these simple flowers kindled up. Each of my companions, as soon as he espied them, darted towards them, while, as he plucked and gazed upon them, you could readily read, in his flushing face and brightening eye, the recollections of home, country, and kindred, which the simple association awakened. Saddening the livelier feeling of the scene, a low arched grave was seen peering out among the crumbling ruins—a rude stone, with a ruder inscription, denoting the mortal remains to be those of Samuel Mott, seaman; the wild flowers growing with greener lustre over them, as if in sympathy for the fate of the humble tenant.

Returning toward the boat, report upon report of musketry, and clouds of smoke in all directions, gave intimation of the work of death going on among the game of the island. I soon descried two of our campaigners posting on in the direction of the ship, one with a fat goose swinging over his heavy marine's musket, and the other with a long-billed curlew dangling from his light fusée. They made me laugh in relating the incidents attending their day's adventure, for, having left the ship with no smaller shot in their cartouches than ball, and being both very short-sighted, their foray, consequently, could not be very productive of game, though affording excellent sport, from the amusing mode in which it was conducted. Having only one eye-glass between them, they were obliged to heave-to every five minutes, to examine the country, when, on any moving object being seen, the leader, forthwith fixing the glass to his eye, with his companion in close sailing order on his left, bore down steadily upon it, until distinctly visible, when the commands—halt—ready—present—fire!—were successively given, and pop—pop went both barrels at the quarry, which, if not always killed, must at least have smelt powder, from the guns being fired within a few feet of it. When nearing the bay, many of the shooting party were now seen coming in the same direction, the first that arrived being a perfect personification of the "Stout Gentleman," his length scarcely equalling his circumference, while, on a long ship's musket over his shoulder, hung a barrow load of birds. Counting as far as three geese and two or three smaller birds, "Did you kill all these?" said I, somewhat astonished at the number. "Not all," responded he, with a significant glance, followed by a comical twinkle of the eye. In fact, his

comrades, as they were the better shots, and he the better burden bearer, made him the carrier of the spoil. The table birds shot here were the following: the upland goose, dark mottled grey, with red bill and legs, feeding on heatherberries and land herbs,—flesh, brownish, tender, and of agreeable game taste and flavour; the kelp goose, white, with black bill and feet, feeding among the kelp plants in the sea water,—flesh rather dark, and taste fishy; a mottled duck, as large as a Muscovy, besides several other tender eating ducks and water fowl; the principal land birds were, the snipe, curlew, and dove-like bird before spoken of. The snipes resembled those of England, equal in size, and equally excellent as a dinner dish. These were abundant in the marshy places, and so heedless of approach as almost to submit being trodden upon before taking to flight; hence the indifferent shots fared as well as the good,—for who could miss, the muzzle of the musket almost turning up the tail of the game? The rabbits were numerous wherever the ground was loose enough for a burrow; particularly abounding in a low piece of ground toward the south side of the harbour, where some of our gentlemen fancied they discovered the remains of an old forest, with the smouldering stumps thickly studding the ground, under which the holes were, rabbits and penguins often nestling together in the same den. Here, while beating up in quest of game, our sportsmen were suddenly startled with such a hideous braying, as if all the donkeys of Whitechapel had met in a morning concert. The first surprise was not greater than the succeeding joy of the anticipated donkey-trottings, while remaining in the island; but sad was their mortification on finding the hoarse trumpeting proceeded from a bird instead of a beast, being no other than the jackass penguin, sounding the alarm of an enemy in the vicinity. Before five in the evening all the sportsmen had returned on board, highly pleased with their success; and great reason they had to be so—none possessed of small shot having less than three geese slung around them, while many were obliged to leave off the pursuit of heavy birds, from inability to carry them, and amuse themselves with the light for the rest of the day. The most successful sportsmen, however, were those who had only sticks, stones, and nimble feet to go afield with. Not less than two hundred geese, ducks, and other good table birds, were bagged, in this way, by the sailors and marines; numbers of whom, tired of counting, chucked their quota into the boat, dividing the slain after the slaughter was over. Being the moulting as well as the breeding season, old and young, incapable of flying, quickly fell a prey to their pursuers, whose yells, shouts, and laughter, were as terrific to the astonished birds, as the sticks and stones wherewith they assailed them were fatal. Those with defective wings, however, did not monopolize all the sport; some dozens of able fliers standing goggling, with outstretched neck, at their assailants, until made pot meat of on the close approach; merely trying to get out of the way with feet, when wings would have served them better—either unconscious of harm, or too anxious to get "a near peep at the lions" who had thus unexpectedly gratified them with a visit. To add to the other gastronomic enjoyments, our active first lieutenant, having, in the absence of the sportsmen, pushed on shore in the jolly boat, now returned on board with 220 fine mullet, averaging two pounds each, caught in two hauls of the seine: thus enabling the humblest in the ship to sport daily with the patrician fare of fish, flesh, and fowl, upon his mess table.

For several days the scenes on board the *Tyne* realized the celebrated stewing, roasting, and boiling one at the wedding of Camacho; and had honest Sancho himself been present, I doubt not but a single whiff of the steam would have

induced him to prefer a ladle of *scum* from the *Tyne's* flesh pots, to one from those of the wealthy countryman's; for although he would have stumbled upon no fat pullets among the froth, he might have chanced to pick out a few delicate tit-bits, some half dozen pounds heavier, quite as congenial to the palate of a hungry man. Passing, on this Christmas-like occasion, along the deck about ten in the morning, I happened to jostle upon a circle of joyous visages, gathered round a pile rivaling in size an ordinary washing tub, with spoons ready to commence, and a comical fellow upon his knees, brandishing a huge ship's cutlass, by way of a carving knife, over it. With a humorous glance at an equally humorous messmate, he said, "Jack, tip us a grace, while I bale out the belly dunnage." He forthwith slashed the crust across, when the savoury effluvia gushing out so entranced him, that he exclaimed, "Confound my college education, if I would take a ticket to the lord mayor's feast to-day, even if he sent his gilt coach and six to carry me." Notwithstanding, however, the daily diminution, from good teeth and good appetites, still so many geese and ducks, belonging to the ship's company, remained in the coops on the third day of the jubilee, that to get rid at once of the motley hillock of heads, feet, feathers, and entrails, choking up all the avenues to the galley range from sunrise to sunset, an order was given to decapitate, pluck and disembowel, forthwith, all the remaining stock, and hang them up in clusters under the cool of the quarter deck, until the epicures should be able to devour them. The joyous fun on shore, and the joyous fare on board, naturally produced such a flow of hilarity in the ship, that for a week, at least, not a sad face was to be seen but the doctor's, who kept daily bewailing the rapid consumption of his calomel and salts, from the host of boils and bilious attacks, engendered by the feasting and carousings.—From a letter left in a bottle at the flag-staff, we learned that the *Chio* had sailed for Berkeley Sound, East Falkland, and thither we proceeded, on January 12th, with a strong breeze in our favour, getting abreast the land about noon, and sailing along it within good view distance.

[To be concluded next week.]

[We copy the following from an American paper. It appears to have been originally published in the *Alexandria Gazette*, U.S.]

#### "ARE WE ALMOST THERE?"

"Are we almost there—are we almost there?"  
Said a dying girl, as she drew near home.  
"Are those our poplar trees which rear  
Their forms so high 'gainst the heavens' blue dome?"  
Then she talked of her flowers, and thought of the well,  
Where the cool water splash'd o'er the large white stone;  
And she thought it would soothe like a fairy spell,  
Could she drink from that fount when the fever was on.  
While yet so young, and her bloom grew less,  
They had borne her away to a kindlier clime—  
For she would not tell that 'twas only distress  
Which had gathered life's rose in its sweet spring time.  
And she had looked, when they bade her to look,  
At many a ruin and many a shrine—  
At the sculptured niche, and the pictured nook,  
And marked from high places the sun's decline.  
But in secret she sighed for a quiet spot,  
Where she oft had played in childhood's hour;  
Though shrub or flower marked it not,  
As her sighs would escape on the evening gale.  
And oft did she ask, "Are we almost there?"  
But her voice grew faint, and flush'd cheek pale;  
And they strove to soothe her, with useless care,  
As her sighs would escape on the evening gale.  
Then swiftly, more swiftly, they hurried her on;  
But anxious hearts felt a chill despair;  
For when the light of that eye was gone,  
And the quick pulse stopp'd, she was almost there!

IMOGENE.



## LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN.

A TALE.

"Si juxta claudum habites, subclaudicare discas." *Adag.*

"Homme pieux, sans être homme de bien,  
Laisant le vrai pour prendre la grimace,  
Il fut toujours au de là de la grace,  
Et bien plus loin que les commandemens."

NATURE resembles an apothecary,  
And much delights in making nauseous mix-  
tures;

Or rather (my similitudes to vary,  
With images grotesque, like Flemish pictures)

She's like a porter-brewer,  
Who to his wholesome malt and hops  
Ten thousand poisonous ingredients drops,  
(Some more, some fewer,)

Molasses, opium, coculus, what not,  
Making his mash-tub like Medea's pot.  
Thus his vile potions,

Under the guise of wholesome stout brew'd beer,  
Designed our fainting, drooping hearts to cheer,  
Rack all the inward man with fierce commotions,  
Gout, spasms, colic;

And load the brain with humours melancholic.  
So Nature, when the cup of life she brews,  
With her best spices,—

With sugar, honey, nutmeg,—all that nice is,—  
With most ambrosial fragrant dews,—  
Ere she said cup can reach the patient's lips—  
At best, before he's taken many sips—  
The vixen dashes down some bitter drug  
Into her mug,—

Aloe or assafetida; and then she forces  
The fulsome mixture down our throttle,  
Just as a farrier's horn is cramm'd down horses',  
And we must quaff it all, though 'twere a bottle.

Thus 'tis, things opposite are joined together  
In life:—much business with fine weather,  
Sunday with storms of rain,

Riches and gout,  
Health and starvation,  
Abundant harvests and a bankrupt nation,  
Napoleon's final rout

With a right royal crusade against Spain;  
And thus there's nothing good, or fair, or right,  
But Nature does its contrary oppose,  
Thrusting it, with confounded spite,

Under our nose;  
While still of things accursed,  
Those, which the best's corruption forms, are  
worst.

'Twas thus religion, when abused,  
Her contrary, hypocrisy, produced,—  
Hypocrisy, the lowest fiend of the sad throng,  
Who, following their Satanic leader, fell  
To Hell,

There she remained not long;  
But upwards, to our new-born planet coming,  
Into high fashion brought all sorts of humming.  
In churches and conventicles she rants,  
And while of zeal and charity she chants,  
She bears the poor-box round,  
Drops in a shilling, and—takes out a pound.

All ages have their hypocrites:—but our's  
Has more perhaps than all the rest,  
Changing, like Proteus, with the passing hours.  
Court, city, church, and senate they infest,  
Where by the dint of praying, ranting, preaching,  
Hectoring, teaching,

They still contrive to share whatever's best.  
The olden times, howe'er, their saints could  
boast,  
Sad rogues, who by their canting ruled the  
roast;

With outward sanctity and self-denial,  
Coarsely put on, they duped the simple herd,  
Who blindly took them on their word,  
And, without further trial,

By this their seeming piety affected,  
Gave them up all, because—they all rejected.

Just such a knot of knaves once got together,  
On honest people "putting their come 'ither,"  
A nest of saints

Whose phizzes might provoke a smile  
In Heraclitus,—saints i' th' Hogarth style,  
Not such as glorious Raffaele paints;  
In a lay monkey they lived, possessing  
All things in common:—pigging, messing

In the same sty.—Abroad, we see  
Such institutions: here, much less gregarious,—  
(Though rich and poor, the mighty and the  
small,

Of club together for some deed nefarious—  
In missions, sects, societies, cabal:—)  
Yet from all vows and common int'rests free,

They live apart;  
And each man with his spouse,  
(The prim, starch'd, formal idol of his heart,)  
Not in a convent, but a private house.

Well, these lay monks, to watch o'er their pos-  
sessions,  
And guard against all thieves, not o' the com-  
munity—

Kept a large dog, which when they joined pro-  
cessions,  
Sermons, or mass,—and so left opportunity

For rogues to enter on the premises,—  
Stood sentinel; and vigilant as Nemesis,  
By dint of growling, barking, biting,

Was to intruders—not very inviting.  
Not that his strong antipathies to sharking  
Led him to all this growling, biting, barking,  
For he could never see a bit of meat,

But, fixing on it looks of much cupidity,  
He eyed the treat,  
Till his jaws flowed with luxury's humidity;

When, watching well his time, he made a point,  
"Though peeping heaven cried hold," to steal  
the joint.

At some small distance stood a butcher's shop,  
Where "many a time and oft," he unobserved  
Stole in:—and when occasion served,

At a fat leg or fillet gave a chop,  
And having snatched it, made no fuss or rout,  
But gently, as he had stol'n in, stole out.  
The butcher,—'twas but justice,—brought his  
bill

Against the masters, charged with many an item,  
And the sum total was enough to fright 'em;  
Or, (as protesting ladies oft declare)  
It was enough to make a parson swear.

No wonder, then, they bore the matter ill,  
And like profaner men, cried Zounds!  
It was so many pounds.

Reader, I'm sure, when taken by surprise  
By an old dun, no longer recollected,  
You are, yourself, not quite collected,  
But feel an itch to d— the fellow's eyes,  
His soul, his impudence; or ease your cares  
By kicking him,—which is not very right,—  
down stairs.

Just so these saints (whom contradiction  
Was apt to kindle into sudden heat,  
As dry wood oft takes fire on little friction)

Resented seriously the butcher's claim;  
And so they swore the story was a slander,  
To put the convent and the dog to shame;  
And told him, with excessive candour,  
He might go—whistle for his meat.

To law they went ding dong: the butcher  
stated

His case, and noted every joint's eclipse,  
Their sev'ral weights and value rated,  
And not a dobt abated,

Of pious Surly's backslidings and slips.  
Then the defendants' counsel made a speech,  
Which might, in length, beyond West Chester  
reach.

He called the butcher radical, seditious,  
An atheist, jacobin, the church's foe;  
'Twas a conspiracy, he said, flagitious  
'Gainst social order, as he soon would show.

He quoted Mansfield and Sir Peter King,  
And cited cases rather wide o' the mark,  
Talked about something, nothing, everything;  
And, as it often happens, ended  
Leaving his client's case but little mended,—  
The jury, more than ever in the dark.

At length, to shorten litigation,  
The cause was left to private arbitration,  
And to bring matters to a point,  
To this experiment the saints consented;  
And own'd themselves contented

To pay for each and ev'ry joint,  
If Surly laid his paw on any dish  
From Ash Wednesday to Easter, except fish:  
As for flesh meat, without a dispensation  
He would not touch a bit, to save the nation.

Or if, indeed, when faint and very sick,  
He once was forced a little bit to pick  
Of horseflesh during Lent,

(Which to deny they never meant,)  
His greatest enemies must own  
'Twas a fast horse he fed upon.

"So in the face of all the world we tell it,  
Before our Surly let the butcher place  
A fine fat joint of mutton, or of beef,

And we will own it a lost case,  
If the dog prove a thief,  
Nay, or so much as smell it."

So said, so done; a fine sheep's head and liver  
Were offered to the brute; who, when he saw  
them,

Instead of falling to, to gnaw them,  
Began to quiver;

And, with his tail between his legs, withdrew  
Into a corner, looking very blue.

For you must know these rogues, well read in  
Hardley,  
Had all been hard at work, the previous day,  
Into the dog's head beating pretty smartly

A new association  
Between a sheep's head and a right good  
whipping;

Which sent poor Surly's appetites all skipping.  
And he, by no means relishing the play,  
And dreading cause for a new operation,  
Like Falstaff, on pure instinct, ran away.

Who, but the village Milo, was dumb-founded!  
He who had slaughter'd many an ox  
By dint of vigorous hard knocks,

Himself had with a single straw been fell'd;  
While shouts of laughter on all sides resounded:  
And as his breast with anger swelled,  
Betwixt his teeth these pithy words he squeeze'd:

"'Tis very odd  
By G—d."

(By oaths you know men's passion is much  
eased,  
The safety-valves for rage, in all disasters,)

"Not eat the meat! a tit-bit for a king!  
Upon my life, I can't conceive the thing,  
The dog's as vile a canter as his masters."

## UNROLLING A MUMMY.

On Saturday last, a mummy lately brought  
from Thebes, was unrolled by Mr. Davidson, in  
the theatre of the Royal Institution, in the pre-  
sence of his Grace the Duke of Somerset, and a  
numerous assembly of gentlemen. Before the  
operation, Mr. Davidson delivered a highly in-  
teresting address on embalming generally, of  
which the following will be found an accurate  
report, with the omission only of such passages  
as could not be understood without reference to  
drawings.

"The Egyptians appear to have surpassed  
all nations in the attention they paid to the  
obsequies of the dead; and, amongst them,  
even private individuals had the honour of  
an apotheosis: their sepulchres were called  
everlasting habitations, and in their embellish-  
ment neither labour nor expense was spared.  
An idea of the magnificence of these stupen-

dous monuments may be formed from the ruins which have survived the destructive fury of their Persian invaders, who, in their thirst for gold, or to glut their revenge, spared neither temple, monument, nor tomb; and as these barbarians believed that the bodies of the kings and persons distinguished for their talents or virtues were adorned with jewels, the sarcophagi stayed not their impious hands; the tombs of the kings have all, so far as they have been discovered, been totally despoiled, and the chambers of the dead robbed of their silent tenants. I have been led, from this, to class the mummies which have been brought of late to Europe, amongst those of the Græco-Egyptian era; and, presuming the one upon the table to be of about that period, I shall, in alluding to the process followed, quote the observations of Herodotus, whose information was derived from the priests, the great depositaries of learning, and the general correctness of whose statements has been borne out by numerous examinations that have taken place.

"Herodotus, in his 'Euterpe,' states that certain persons were legally appointed to this profession. These had models in wood of the different kinds of mummies, with their prices: the first, or most expensive, cost a talent, 258*l.*, (the magnitude of which sum may be inferred from the observation of the same writer, who states that the three governments of Asia paid a tribute of 1470 talents; and Diodorus, even at a much later period, calls 1000 talents a prodigious sum for a government to pay as an annual tribute to Philip). The second class of mummies costs 20 minæ, about 75*l.*; and the third but a very small sum. In the most expensive process, the brain was extracted by a piece of bent iron through the nostrils, by breaking the ethmoid and sphenoid bones (as seen in a fine specimen lately examined by Mr. Pettigrew), and infusing a portion of drugs (*φαρμακὰ*): this done, the *γρῆμαρτυς*, or scribe, traced on the left side what portion of the body was to be cut for the purpose of extracting the intestines; the *παρασχιστής* (*paraschistis*) then made the incision with an Ethiopian stone; which done, he was obliged to flee for his life; the intestines being withdrawn, were washed with palm wine and covered with spices. Here Herodotus leaves them; and, as they were not replaced in the mummies of the first class, Porphyry shall take them up, and his observations are highly interesting. He states, that in embalming a person of consequence, they draw out the intestines, and place them in a chest; and amongst other ceremonies rendered to the dead, they take the chest, and calling the Sun to witness, one of the embalmers, on the part of the deceased, addresses that luminary as follows: "O Sun, sovereign Lord; and you, all ye Gods, who have given life to men, receive me, and permit me to reside with the eternal Gods; during all the time that I lived, I held to the worship of the Gods, which I received from my fathers; I have always honoured those who engendered this body; I have killed no one; I have neither broken trust, nor done any other evil: if I have committed any other fault either in eating or drinking, it was not for myself, but for these things." The embalmer on finishing these words, showed the chest containing the intestines, and it was thrown into the river. Plutarch states the same in substance, by saying, the Egyptians, holding up the intestines to the Sun, throw them away, as the cause of all the faults the person has committed. I am here led into a digression, but being anxious to follow my first author, and having made very free with his work, I feel I am bound to endeavour, if I can, to account for his apparent omission on this part of the subject. Between the writings of Herodotus and Plutarch, a period of about 600 years, and again between those of Plutarch and Porphyry 250 more, great changes might have taken place, and

the throwing away of the intestines might have been an innovation in order to reduce the expense. The circumstance of the prayer, &c. of the embalmer, could not have escaped the notice of the historian of Halicarnassus, who has been too often accused of adding to, rather than failing to record what he heard or saw. I am of opinion, either that the minor parts were passed over by him, and that, adopting the 'omne majus includit minus,' he still intended including the intestines with his history of the body; or that the priests purposely concealed this part of the process, as intimately connected with their mythology. According to this, the deities of Ament claimed the intestines as their portion; and this would seem to have been the belief, as the Canopi or jars containing the bowels were always crowned with their heads. Returning to Herodotus, the intestines having been withdrawn, the *ταφιστραι*, or embalmers, fill the body with myrrh, cassia, and other perfumed gums, except frankincense; having sewn it up, the body was covered with nitre for seventy days (the period of mourning), probably consequent upon the body not being visible, which time it was not by law allowed to exceed; it is then washed, and by the *χολχισται* (*cholchitai*), or swathers, closely wrapped in cloth, soaked in gum, and returned to the relations, by whom it was placed in a coffin, and by them either consigned to the tomb or kept in the house. Larcher, in his note upon the word *λίτρω*, has pointed out two errors; first, in the preparation used; secondly, in the order of using it. From personal observation, I am disposed to adopt his correction of the first: and, from actual experiment, to consider him right in the second. What Herodotus calls *λίτρω*, translated "with nitre," should be "with natron," an alkaline, not a neutral salt: had it been a neutral salt, there would have been no necessity for a limited time; nor would there have resulted what we may consider to have been the object of this application—viz., the carrying off the fluid and fatty matter of the body, with which the alkali would have formed saponaceous compounds, and so, by ablutions, these would be got rid of, a circumstance which would not have happened had nitre been used. I feel confirmed in the opinion, that the salt was natron, from finding the Bahar-belâ-mâ natron lakes and saline incrustation of soil, confined to the Libyan side of the Nile, on which side the great Necropolis of Thebes, Memphis, and Abydos are situated. The Fayoum, to this day, and the natron lakes to the north, continue to furnish abundant quantities of this salt; and, about the period of, and previous to the visit of Herodotus, persons of consequence were buried on the borders and islands of Lake Moeris, situate in the Fayoum, whereas the nitre beds combined with the muriate of soda (common salt), said to be a recent discovery, are situated on the Asiatic side, and where very few, if any, sepulchral ruins are to be found. The second objection is the order of the application. Assuming it to have been natron, it would have acted upon the odoriferous gums, (an expensive part of the process,) which would also, in part, have been carried off by the ablation. Diodorus confirms this, by stating, that the filling the body with the gums was the last process; † he does not mention the nitre.

† Having presumed to differ with Herodotus, and to advocate the opinion of his commentator, I am bound to tender him my humble support in explanation of a point on which he is reported not to have been sufficiently explicit, and modern authors are said to have remained silent—I allude to the preparation of the bandages. They appear to be of a brownish colour, and by infusion to give out tannin. A learned writer has stated his opinion, that possibly oak bark was an article of commerce, or that gum kino had been used for this purpose. Herodotus simply states, the bandages were dipped in a gum, which the Egyptians used as glue. Now the Egyptian or Arabian gum is the produce of an *Acacia*, which Strabo calls the *Thorn of the Thebais*—called by the Arabs "Soumt,"

The second method adopted, was merely injecting the body with the oil of cedar, and covering it with natron for the seventy days, at the end of which period the oil was withdrawn, which brought with it the intestines; it was then swathed. The third or common process consisted in passing the Surmaia (supposed a cathartic solution) through the body, and afterwards burying it in the natron. First class mummies were inclosed in three cases: the first composed of layers of byssus and plaister, keeping the form as the one before us; the second of sycamore wood, highly embellished; the third was the stone sarcophagus. The exterior, however, cannot be taken as a certain indication of the contents; the most valuable mummies have been taken from very poor cases, and males found in those whose character would lead us to believe they contained female corpses. Amongst the more ancient Egyptian mummies, the left hand was invariably closed and bent across the chest, and most frequently contained a ring or amulet. Amongst those of the Græco-Egyptian era, the hands were always open, and laid along the sides of the body, portions of which were frequently gilt, a circumstance rare among the more ancient.

"As to the origin of this custom, Herodotus states, (and I prefer keeping to him,) that the Egyptians held it unlawful to expose the bodies of the dead to any animal attacks, and we know but of two methods in use for disposing of bodies—viz., interring or burning them. We may fairly infer that they did not follow the first, from a fear of worms, nor adopt the other, in consequence of their belief, that fire was a devouring monster. Another ancient writer, whose name does not occur to me, has given the doctrine of the metempsychosis, accompanied by a remark, that, as long as they could preserve the body from decay, by so much did they shorten the migratory purgation of the soul, which he stated did not commence until the body decayed. Cassianus remarks, that it was owing to the inundation of the Nile; and that, as they could not inter the bodies until the waters subsided, or, as he states, only during the periods of low Nile, they were obliged to embalm them for the purpose of keeping them. I cannot imagine that this author paid much attention to the positions of the sepulchral depositaries of these ancient people; I found them almost without exception above the highest water mark—generally in the sides of mountains. I am disposed to think it was in imitation of the ceremonies performed by Isis, who, we are told, after the murder of Osiris, went about searching for the various parts of the body of her husband, and, as she carried them with her, must consequently have embalmed them; and it is to this imitation of Osiris that Herodotus refers, when he states, "the most perfect mummies resemble one whom I do not think it religious to name in such a matter." The period at which this art ceased has not been ascertained; St. Augustin mentions it as being practised in the fourth century.

"Embalming does not appear to have been practised amongst the Jews, although it may be fairly inferred that they brought a knowledge of this art with them from Egypt; their principal anxiety appears to have been that they should

and is very common all over Egypt and Arabia: it grows to a considerable size, if we are to believe Theophrastus, who, in his History of Plants, states, that beams twelve cubits in length were cut from it; and Pliny, in his Natural History, states, that its seeds and bark were used instead of galls for tanning hides, &c. His own words will perhaps better convey his meaning, and, I think, bear out Herodotus: "Spina celebratur in eadem gente, duntaxat nigra, quoniam incorrupta etiam in aquis durat, ob id utilisissima navium costis. Candida facile putrescit. Aculeus spinarum in foliis acumen et in siliquis, quo coria perducuntur gallicæ vice. Flos et coronis jactu et medicamentis utilis. Manat et gummi ex ea—." He here states that not only gum, but tannin was produced by the same tree.

repose in the sepulchres of their fathers. We read in the Second Book of Chronicles, in the obsequies of Asa, "they buried him in his own sepulchre, and laid him in the bed, which was filled with sweet odours and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art;" and, in the ceremonies of Zedekiah, recorded in Jeremiah, "so shall they burn odours for thee;"—both which instances, I think, were more for the purpose of overcoming the effluvia of corruption, than for that of preserving the bodies. That they continued to follow a part of the Egyptian process, the swathing, we conclude, inasmuch as "Lazarus came forth bound hand and foot with grave clothes;" and St. John relates, in reference to our Saviour, "they wound him in the linen bandages (*οβονια χιτωνα*) with the spices, as is the manner of the Jews to bury." The Chinese, who vie in antiquity with the Egyptians, according to Du Halde and the Propagandists, never even permitted the body to be washed—it was richly dressed and consigned to the sepulchre.

"The custom of embalming was not confined to the East; the Guanches (of the Canary Isles) embalmed their dead, following very closely the manner of the Egyptians. These people were, however, supposed to have been a colony of Phœnicians. Many of their mummies, called xaxos, have been examined, and the similarity of character is most striking; they are of a dark tanned colour, somewhat agreeable odour, the features distinct, the belly sunk. The Peruvians desiccated the bodies of their illustrious dead; extracting first the intestines, which were buried apart from the body, enclosing with them a gem to serve for a heart,—a custom of very extensive practice. Acosta states, that the Peruvians embalmed their Incas with a "certain rosin;" but Garcilazo, who examined some of these bodies, said he could perceive no such substance. It is a fact worth mentioning, that the desiccating power of the air at Cuzco is such, that if a piece of meat be exposed to the wind there, it becomes dried similar to a mummy. The Mexicans enclosed a gem with the ashes of their dead; the same is the case with the Hindoos: and Mr. Pegge, in his valuable observations upon the Staunton Moor urns, remarks, that he found with the burnt bones a piece of mountain pitch, cut into the shape of a heart, probably to serve the same purpose. It was a very general custom amongst the American Indians to desiccate the bodies of their chiefs; they are, however, not embalmed: the process, as far as I could learn, consisted in depositing the bodies for some time in saline caves, and then drying them. The leaden cellars at Bremen produce the same effect; the crypts of the Cordeliers at Toulouse, the catacombs of the Capuchins at Palermo,—all possess a power of ridding the body of its fluids,—a leading feature in the Egyptian process. It is not my intention to go into the analogies, I confine myself to general observations.

"It is with great diffidence that I take up the last part of my subject; viz. the hieroglyphics. The Egyptians employed three modes of writing: the epistolographic, hieratic, and hieroglyphic; which I designate, the vulgar, sacred, and mysterious: I shall confine my remarks to the third class. Hieroglyphics are of three kinds,—the phonetic, where the hieroglyph stands for a letter; the symbolic, when the emblem is used; the figurative, when the object itself is represented. The names of their kings were contained in two ovals, preceded by King of Men, *Divus Bonus*, or the like; in the first oval the titles were recorded,—in the second, the name. The queens had but one oval, preceded, in like manner, by Queen of the world, royal wife, &c. Individuals had merely the phonetic letters necessary to form their names; sometimes with, but more frequently without, the vowels, followed by the figure of a man, woman, or child. They

made great use of what are termed expletive signs, to denote the force or power of words. Their historical tablets commenced with the date of a king, but no dates have as yet been found in their sculptures.

"I have touched on this mysterious subject for the purpose of adverting to the inscriptions on the case before us. A very general opinion, strengthened from not having been contradicted, exists, that the hieroglyphics are a history of the person embalmed: this, I take upon me to say, is erroneous. I have taken the pains to place against each symbol its meaning, as handed down to us by the *savans*; and I think you will agree with me, that, in this case, (and they are all of a similar character,) the hieroglyphics are neither more nor less than a collection of homages offered by the deceased to Osiris; the deceased sometimes taking to himself the name of the God. There is one leading peculiarity, which confirms me in the opinion I have offered,—viz., they all, as far as I have seen them, whether in Egypt, or those which have reached Europe, commence in the same manner the *ex voto*."

Mr. Davidson concluded by an elaborate explanation of the hieroglyphics on the tomb, which seemed to bear out his previous argument, but of which it is impossible for us to give any satisfactory report without drawings.

The unrolling now commenced; Mr. Pettigrew and others kindly lending assistance; and the length of time it occupied seemed only to heighten the interest, which, we regret to say, was to end in disappointment;—the bitumen appeared to have been applied too hot; and in consequence, the cloth immediately in contact with the face so closely adhered to it, that it was thought better not to attempt its removal without hot water. All, however, except the face, was uncovered, and even a part of that. The hair, and teeth, and nails were perfect; the intestines had been taken out, embalmed, wrapped in linen, and replaced. Neither papyri nor coins were found.—We are, however, enabled to add, that the examination of the body has been since continued; a large scarabæus has been found on the chest of the mummy, portions of a necklace on the breast, and a quantity of odiferous substance in the cavity of the skull.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

OUR readers have no doubt heard of the beautiful bronze sculptures found about ten years ago on the banks of the Siris, in Magna Græcia, on the field where Pyrrhus, of Epirus, defeated the Romans some 280 years before the Christian era. They have been named the Bronzes of Siris; and the subjects which they embody are the wars of the Amazons. It is supposed that Pyrrhus took them to the field of battle with him, and that they were lost in the tumult of the fight. The proprietor asks 1000*l.* for them, and a subscription has commenced for purchasing and placing them in the British Museum. Mr. Alexander Baring and the Duke of Buccleuch have each given 50*l.*; and 800*l.* odd are already in the hands of Messrs. Coutts.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy closes to-day: it has been the least productive of any Exhibition by that body for the last forty years. There was a material decrease last year: these agitated and changeable times threaten the extinction of both Literature and Art. When His late Majesty died, a love of Art died in many of his subjects; for the royal taste created taste in all who desired to rise by court favour. The death of Lord Dover, too, is hurtful to Art at this moment: his lordship was a natural lover of painting, and a member of the Republic of Letters, and, moreover, friendly and accessible.

The musical season is fast drawing to a close.

Bellini's opera, a third version of 'Romeo e Giulietta,' has been announced for the last fortnight to be given for the benefit of the composer. The public, however, has so indifferent an opinion of the musician, that it has been thought prudent to postpone the said benefit *sine die*.

#### FINE ARTS

*Mary Queen of Scots*: painted by Colin; engraved by Phillips.

THIS picture represents the fair Queen of Scotland distributing her jewels and valuables among her attendants, immediately before her execution. The subject is cleverly treated, and prettily engraved. There are, however, too many hands held up; and some of the figures might have been spared, as they only tend to injure the general sentiment of the piece.

*The Mourner*: drawn by Moore; engraved by Egan.

THIS represents a young lady, deeply veiled, about to kneel on the grave of one whom she has loved; the scene is in a cathedral. The picture is all but a very fine one, and it is only hindered from being so by the ridiculous head-dress in which the painter has almost hidden the mourner. In one of Quevedo's 'Visions of Hell,' he describes a Spanish cavalier, paying his respects, in a profound bow, to Rhadamantus; and makes the judge marvel where the head can be, as he sees nothing but a prodigious ruff. In like manner, we wondered, for a moment or so, where the 'Mourner's' face might be, for her clubbed locks and high projecting comb add nine inches too much to her height. We would advise Mr. Moore at once to remove all that encumbrance, and so restore nature.

*Lieut. James Holman, R.N.*: drawn by Gauci; printed from stone by Graf & Soret.

THIS is a portrait of Holman, the blind traveller: it is well enough executed, and places him amid scenes which it seems he could discover to be beautiful without seeing them.

*The Study*: drawn by Stone; engraved by Egan.

THE attitude of this young lady is easy and graceful; but she has far too much milk and cream in her face for our liking. The rose in her bosom, the bracelets on her arms, her well ordered dress, and her nicely curled locks, are all very pretty, but belong not to the studious. Let no one imagine, that as we dislike affectation, we are partial to sluttishness, and would rather see a studious lady—

With locks all staring from Parnassian dreams  
And never washed, save in Castalian streams.  
No such thing: but we like the thoughtful to look so.

#### THEATRICALS

##### KING'S THEATRE.

LITTLE novelty is produced at this theatre. 'La Bayadere,' compressed into a short *divertissement*, was revived for Taglioni's benefit. On the like occasion, the sisters Elslers produced, or revived a ballet, called 'La Fée et le Chevalier.' There is little scope in the plot for the display of pantomimic action; and the whole, occupying three acts, is rather an insipid affair. The music is unequal: a violin solo, tastefully performed by Monsieur Tolbecque, is an elegant composition, and shows off the instrument in pleasing passages. We regret to say, that the house was by no means well attended. The younger of these sisters dances admirably, and certainly deserves greater favour than the fashionables are disposed to shower upon her.

On Saturday last, *la petite Montessu* returned from Paris, and danced with all that neatness and agility for which she is so remarkable.



## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The new drama, called 'The Housekeeper; or, the White Rose,' was produced on Wednesday. We shall not detail the plot. The piece is on the safe road to popularity, and we recommend a visit to the theatre, assuring those who may go, that they will be repaid for their trouble. A love story, the hero and heroine being Mr. F. Vining and Miss Taylor, is mixed up with a portion of the political intrigues of the early part of the reign of George the First. The two are well blended—and a neat and spirited picture of the manners and customs of the times is thus produced, which Mr. Jerrold has contrived to set in a very elegant frame of his own construction. The characters are well drawn, and, generally speaking, well preserved; the language is good, frequently very pointed, and ever and anon, there is a happy hit, which detonates the audience into an irresistible roar. There are some few faults, which, being critics, we suppose we must point out; but it is much easier to make these discoveries after representation, than before. The probability is, that Mr. Jerrold will admit of considerable curtailment in the dialogue;—that in the second act, Miss Taylor having come to warn Mr. Vining of imminent danger, would not in nature forego her purpose, even to listen to that which she so much wishes to hear—a declaration of love;—and that if the capture of the conspirators had been effected by the friends who come to spend the night with him, instead of by the soldiers, a needless similarity to the celebrated scene in 'The Inconstant' would have been avoided; but these are mere specks. Mr. Vining played with good sense and considerable force. Miss Taylor does not do herself justice: she ought to have been quite equal to the part she acted, and yet she was not; she has acquired such a spasmodic way of speaking, that it sometimes becomes painful to listen to her. Still she deserves credit, for having done what she thought was her best; and it is right to say, that she was loudly applauded. The comic parts were well sustained by Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Cooper, and Mrs. Humby. The lady indeed, is entitled to a separate mention: her acting throughout, was genuine and excellent. Mr. Webster had a small part, but dealt with it with so much discretion and good sense, as to contribute greatly to the general harmony of the picture. The applause at the conclusion was long, loud, and hearty.

## ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI.

WANT of room compels us to defer an account of Mr. Serle's drama, called 'The Yeoman's Daughter,' brought out on Wednesday night, till next week. We must, however, find a corner to congratulate him on its complete and well-merited success—and to do the theatre the justice to say, that we have rarely seen a play better acted throughout.

At a moment when so much discussion, *pro and con*, is taking place about the Act recently passed for the protection of dramatic copyright, it gives us much pleasure thus to have to report the production of two original pieces by two English authors, both of which have proved eminently successful on the same night. Dramatic authors are no longer the oppressed race of beings they were; they are no longer in the merciless gripe of their "liberal patrons" the managers: and now, those who can write, may safely do so, under the pleasing certainty, that the greater their merit, the greater will be its reward. They never had, to our thinking, any reason to complain of the public. Our experience extends over a great many years, and we can call to mind few, very few, instances of pieces really deserving of support which have not, sooner

or later, met with it. It is true, that authors sometimes suffer from having their works inadequately represented; but it is equally true, that they as often benefit by having parts made more of by the artists to whom they are intrusted than they had any right to expect, and upon this score they may safely cry quits. Upon the whole, therefore, the Act is working well, and its good effects are being felt, even sooner than might reasonably have been anticipated. The crumbs of comfort already wrung from the clenched hands of the "illegal appropriators," have stimulated clever men to increased exertions, and the result has been the production by Mr. Jerrold and Mr. Serle, of two highly creditable dramas.

## MISCELLANEA

*Gallery of Practical Science.*—The concluding Conversazione of the season was held here on Monday evening, and numerous attended. Mr. Partington gave an illustrated lecture on the microscope, and the use of artificial light for the instrument; and after exhibiting the formation and combination of the oxygen and hydrogen gases, he showed that a very powerful light might be produced from two or three argand lamps, by simply employing a small reflecting disk with the burner, and reducing the supply of atmospheric air. The light thus obtained, would, he thought, be equally efficient, and far less costly than that produced by the gases. Mr. Trevelyan afterwards exhibited his experiments on the vibration of metals, which was noticed in our reports of the Royal Institution. At the conclusion, the chairman expressed, on the part of the subscribers, the gratification they had derived; and a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Watson and the other proprietors, for their public spirit in projecting and conducting the Conversazione. The next season is to commence in November.

A meeting of young writers, and the editors of the principal papers of the West of France, was held at Nantes in April last, for the purpose of forming a Society, the object of which is to diffuse among the people a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and their various applications to the practical uses of life. The reports on each department of knowledge are said to be ably drawn up, and great advantage is anticipated from a body like this, which will act as a counterpoise to the hitherto overwhelming influence of the Capital, and tend to diffuse more equally the power conferred by talent and knowledge.

*M. Passalacqua*, Director of the Egyptian Museum at Berlin, is about to set out for Italy, and from thence he will proceed to Egypt. The learned world will shortly be presented with a work, containing the fruits of the travels of this celebrated antiquary.

*Singular Phenomenon.*—The following is a phenomenon which I have seen several times, particularly during the Algerine war in June 1830; and which would lead to the supposition, that, in certain parts of the globe, the atmosphere has the property of giving a reflected image of an object, just like a crystal of Iceland spar. On the 27th of June, at 10 o'clock, A.M., the weather beautiful, and Reaumur's thermometer at 26°, I perceived, as I was looking at the line of troops, a second line exactly similar, but with rather a weaker outline than the first, though very distinctly visible. This reflection was raised above the object about one-third of its height, and diverged a little from its side. The same reflected image might be seen of a single man or a single object. Many of the Algerine tents which we had captured bore on their summit a globe of tin surmounted with a crescent. Upon each of these globes might be distinctly perceived another globe touching it.

I have since seen the same phenomenon equally distinct; and, several years before, I had an opportunity of observing it in France, during a rather cold day, which induces me to believe that it cannot, like the common mirage, proceed from the effect of heat upon the molecules of the air. The cause of it must rather be a particular state of the atmospheric fluid, which imparts to the atmosphere a power of double refraction.—*M. Rozet, Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger.*

*Wil versus Tyranny.*—Al Hejaj, who governed Irak more than twenty years, was equally remarkable for his cruelty and love of wit. He one day met a strange Arab and asked him, "What sort of a man is this Al Hejaj, of whom people talk so much?" "He is a great scoundrel," replied the Arab. "Do you know me?" asked the irritated governor. "No," said the stranger. "I am," he said, "that Al Hejaj of whom you give so bad a character." "Well, do you know me?" asked the Arab in turn. "No," was the reply. "I am," said he, "a member of the family of Zoheir, whose posterity all become mad three days in the year, and this is one of them." Al Hejaj freely pardoned the insult.—*D'Herbelot.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of the Week. | Thermom. W. & Mon. | Max. Min. | Barometer. | Winds.       | Weather.    |
|-------------------|--------------------|-----------|------------|--------------|-------------|
| Thur. 11          | 68                 | 56        | 29.75      | N.W.         | Cloudy.     |
| Frid. 12          | 66                 | 52        | 29.70      | E. to N.     | Ditto.      |
| Sat. 13           | 63                 | 54        | 29.73      | N.W.         | Ditto.      |
| Sun. 14           | 69                 | 61        | 29.75      | S.E. to Var. | Ditto.      |
| Mon. 15           | 72                 | 51        | 29.78      | N.E. to E.   | Clear, P.M. |
| Tues. 16          | 81                 | 60        | 29.95      | E. to Var.   | Ditto.      |
| Wed. 17           | 80                 | 60        | 30.00      | N.W.         | Cloudy.     |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulus, Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus.

Mean temperature of the week, 61°. Greatest variation, 30°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.875.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 31 min. No night.

Sun eclipsed on Wednesday, 8 deg. 49 min. N. limb—or a little more than 3 of the sun's disc. At noon the eclipse was total and central near Gelania Noss in Novaya Zemlia or Nova Zembla.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

*Theory of Pneumatology*, in reply to the question, "What ought to be believed or disbelieved concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions," by Dr. Johanna Heinrich Jung-Stilling, late Professor of the Universities of Heidelberg and Marburg, and Privy Councillor to the Grand Duke of Baden. From the German, by Samuel Jackson.

Dr. Ayre, of Hull, has in the press, a work on the Nature of the Malignant Cholera, and on the Treatment of it by small and frequently repeated Doses of Calomel.

A Memoir of Baron Cuvier, by Mrs. Lee, with Portrait.

Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy, by Thomas Phillips, Esq., &c.

The Young Gardener's Monthly Magazine, in monthly Numbers.

The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, from the Accession of James I., by J. S. Reid, D.D.

Retzsch's Outlines to Macbeth, will appear in the course of the summer.

A work on the History and Antiquities of the Ancient Bourbons, is about to be published in successive liberations, forming two volumes in folio, with lithographic engravings illustrative of the Antiquities, Manners, and Customs of the Province.

The Reason for protecting Home Trade, and the principle of Free Trade refuted, by W. Atkinson.

Just published.—Annual Register, 1832, 8vo. 16s.

—The Village Belles, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 7s.

—England and the English, by E. L. Bulwer, 2 vols. 8vo. 14. 1s.—Sermons, by the Rev. J. Sarjeant, 8vo. 8s.—The Doctrine of Repentance, in Lectures, by the Rev. Dr. Walton, 12mo. 5s.—Starkie's Law of Evidence, 2 vols. 8vo. 31. 10s.—Great Britain in 1833, by Baron D'Haussez, 2 vols. 8vo. 14. 1s.—McGill's History of the Reformation in Italy, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Index to

Matthæi's Greek Grammar, by Kenrick, 7s. 6d.—Reckiana, being Vol. 3 of Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, 12mo. 7s.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Vol. 13, 12. 16s.—Stow's Memoirs of R. Taylor, LL.D., &c., 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Leigh's Narrative of the Cholera at Bilston, 1832, 8vo. 5s.—Poetic Gems, by S. Blackburn, A.M., 18mo. 3s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—An Old Reader at Sibton.—J. E.—T. S.—G.J.R. received.

A Pastor's question we cannot answer.—The Poem forthwith.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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| 1000         | 24 0 10         | 235                                 |
| 1000         | 26 10 10        | 240                                 |
| 1000         | 28 10 10        | 245                                 |
| 1000         | 30 10 10        | 250                                 |
| 1000         | 32 10 10        | 255                                 |
| 1000         | 34 10 10        | 260                                 |
| 1000         | 36 10 10        | 265                                 |
| 1000         | 38 10 10        | 270                                 |
| 1000         | 40 10 10        | 275                                 |
| 1000         | 42 10 10        | 280                                 |
| 1000         | 44 10 10        | 285                                 |
| 1000         | 46 10 10        | 290                                 |
| 1000         | 48 10 10        | 295                                 |
| 1000         | 50 10 10        | 300                                 |

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